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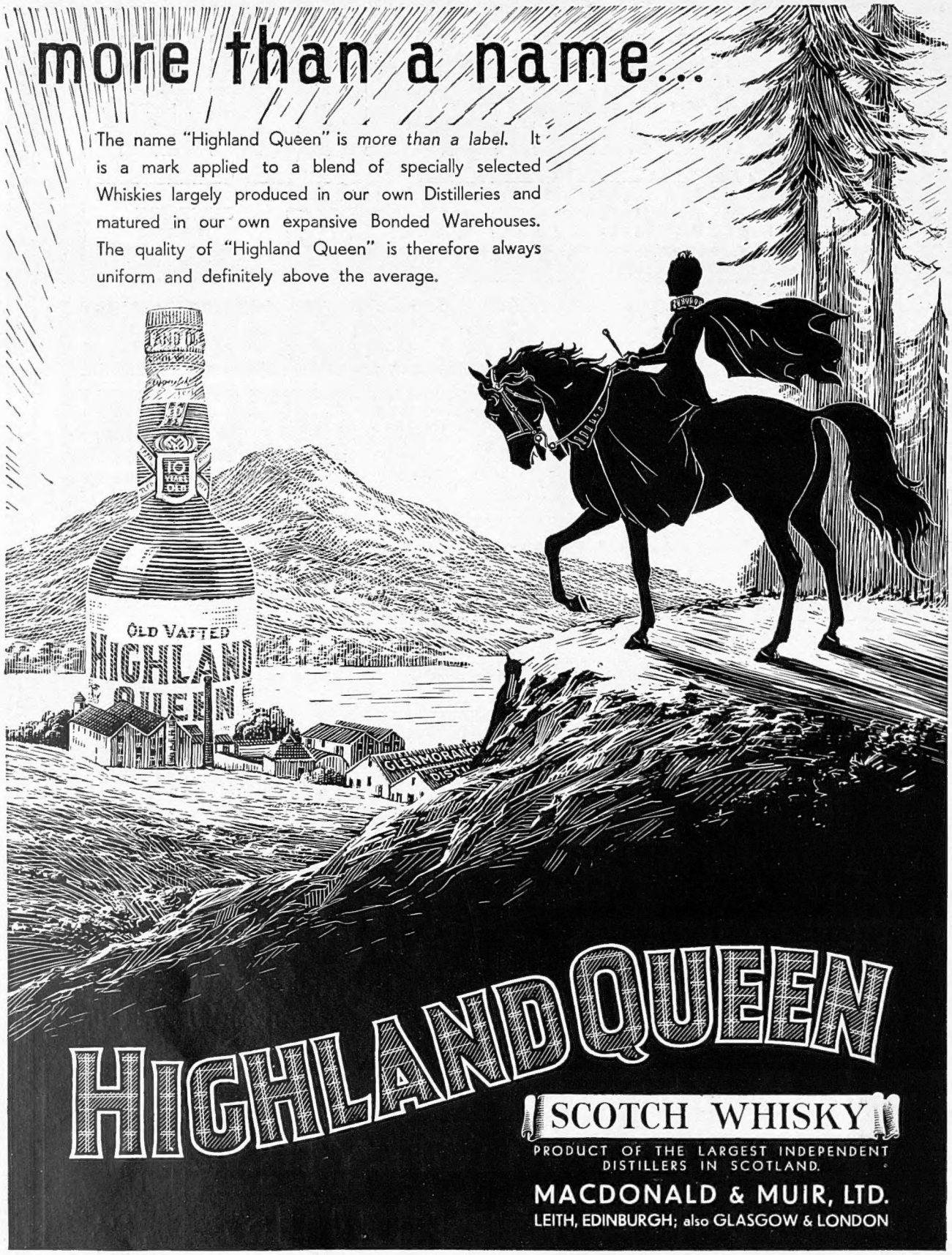

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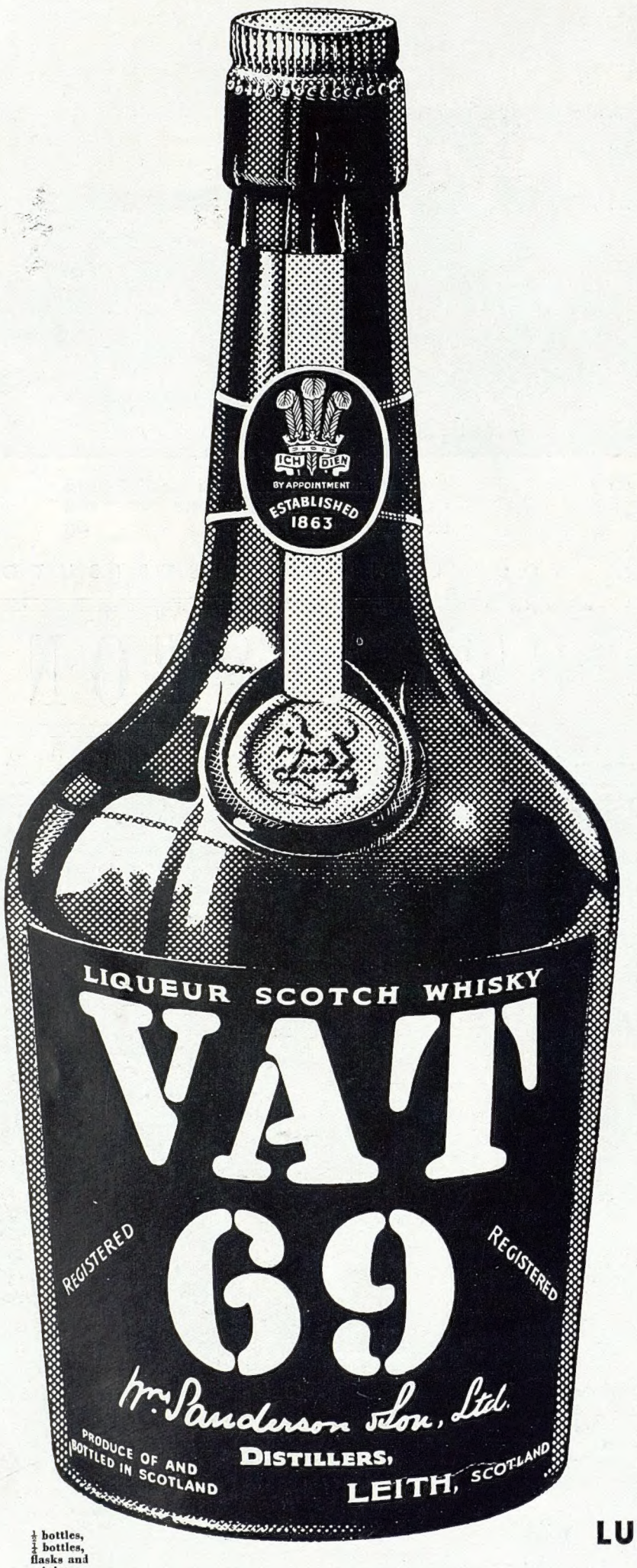

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 25, 1938

THE KING WITH THE HOME FLEET

The Animated Scene in Weymouth Harbour as His Majesty, watched by an enthusiastic crowd, left in the Royal Barge to join His Warships

When, on Tuesday last, the King, as Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom, led the Home Fleet to sea from Weymouth, occupying the bridge of the 33,500-ton battleship *Nelson*, he was in command of the greatest assembly of his ships which has been seen since the Coronation Review, and on this, the first day of his two days spent with the senior service, His Majesty saw an elaborate programme of exercises illustrative of as many phases as possible of the work of the Royal Navy. Dive-bombing by aircraft from the *Courageous*, a catapult aircraft attack from the Second Cruiser Squadron, a torpedo attack, and a 15-in. concentration shoot by *Royal Oak* and *Revenge* were among the many thrilling events, and, as an old serving naval officer himself, the King naturally followed everything with an expert eye. It will be seen that this was no mere pageant, but a real test of the Fleet's fighting efficiency in circumstances simulating those of war; a demonstration, too, of the manifold ways in which the Navy has been adapted to the changed and exacting conditions of modern times. The King's close interest in the personnel of his Fleet was also emphasised during the visit, His Majesty attending a ship's concert in *Courageous* and holding a reception for officers in *Nelson*

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

REFURBISHING IN WHITEHALL: The familiar stone screen by Robert Adam at the entrance to the Admiralty has been undergoing a thorough cleansing process, and as a result its heraldic carvings and other features stand out in bold relief

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, June 22, 1938.

INDISPENSABLE REITH.—

This is one of our Admirable Crichtons—the indispensable superman who must fill every yawning breach in our national dyke system. The 1st Marquis of Reading was such a man, so was the 1st Duke of Wellington. Such men are very rare. The old hierarchy of generals (dispersed by Mr. Belisha) who for years swopped among themselves the highest posts in the Army, provide no *locus classicus* for these Admirable Crichtons. Sir John Reith was trained as an engineer and held important war and post-war jobs in the Munitions and Admiralty departments. He was taken from managing Beardmore's to build up the B.B.C. He was then but thirty-nine, and is still under fifty. A man of intensely strong personality, electric vitality, and immense driving power, he has in ten years built up a world-respected institution and a world-wide reputation. Now the Imperial Airways is the breach which yawns and Sir John fills it. He has time and strength possibly to fill two more major breaches. His appointment, none the less, was a complete surprise. Sir John, like all Crichtons, is something of a juggernaut. He cuts through opposition as a red-hot knife cuts butter which melts before its passage.

BRITISH TYPES FOR PARIS.

—The suite to accompany the King and Queen to Paris might have been chosen deliberately for the purpose of showing Frenchmen magnificent types of beauty, physique and dignity, traditionally held to be peculiarly British. The Duchess of Northumberland cannot fail to impress the Parisians for all these qualities. Neither can Lady Spencer for her grace and beauty. So, as a mere man, must Lord Airlie and it is to be hoped that some occasion may be found for him to appear in Highland dress, for no Highland chieftain in full regalia gets nearer to the ideals established by "The MacNab" in the famous picture. Lord Halifax is better known to the Parisians and is very much a fine type of Englishman, statesman, sportsman, and intellectual. Then the "gravitas" of Sir Alec Hardinge is superbly typical of the British diplomatic school. The Duke of Beaufort—with a name that has its counterpart in French history—is splendidly representative of the British sportsman school. All these magnificent specimens will be foils for the Queen, who will capture the hearts of all Paris with her first smile and it would be a pleasure and a pride to be there to witness the instant capitulation of Paris to the invaders without the firing of a shot, save by welcoming batteries of artillery and pressmen. *La Reine Elizabeth* will for months to come be the label of taste and fashion on every novelty sold in Paris and a score of streets and *places* will be named after her.

LORDS TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL: The Earl of Clarendon, from 1931 to 1937 the Governor-General of South Africa, in conversation with the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Annual Festival of the South African Church Institute held at Westminster School

THE GREAT ILLUSION.—

Does the Great Illusion retain any shadow of illusion to-day? Is it possible that Italy, insurgent Spain, or Japan can still at heart believe that any advantage can yet come from their aggressions, their sacrifices, their victories, their betrayals of the rules of morality and humanity, which can be held to outweigh the manifest losses and setbacks sustained by the causes under whose banners they fought? Abyssinia, unconquered, is bleeding Italy slowly as leeches bleed human bodies. Spain, already bled white, finds the day of national reconciliation and rebuilding postdated by half a century as a result of new and ineffaceable causes of bitterness, and in China the Yellow River, that juggernaut of the Far East, has caught the Four Horsemen in her swirling stream and thrown China once more into that state of dark-age chaos from which with the help of the League experts and of Japanese technical advisers she had made in the last decades slow, painful but magnificent progress. The banners are all trampled down. The struggles go on. Could any cool head fail to realise how complete the Great Illusion that any benefit can come from war or victory in war to-day is? The great war was a sufficiently clear lesson to half the world.

OH! FOR THE END.—

In praying for Spain a happy issue out of all her afflictions, one begins to realise that the *end* is all important and urgent. Whether our sympathies be strongly republican or strongly nationalist, bitterly Fascist or bitterly Communist, whether we most admire or execrate Franco, we fear that only early victory on one side or the other can save Europe (and certainly Spain with Europe) from the abyss. If European war break out because of Spain, Spain's extermination beyond repair is the first certainty in the common doom. The new phase—the bombing of neutral ships—is a diplomatic embarrassment even more patent than the bombing of civilians in open cities. For here moral indignation expressed in diplomatic language and proposals for neutral commissions of inquiry and observation do not afford even a pretence of action. Nothing but stern measures to protect and to take reprisal can avail and it is obvious to every sane man that neither Britain nor France dare employ such weapons—the only effective. For the very first shot fired, the very first reprisal exacted, means the touching off of the powder magazine of Europe. If the bombing should extend to *100 per cent. British* merchantmen, the Government's dilemma will be grave indeed. It is small wonder if those in authority and the man in the street realise clearly that the end of the war in Spain alone can defer, if not save, the conflagration of Europe. The bitterest partisan is coming to feel that *any* end is better than none.

CRICKET H.Q.—

Once every three years I get a chance to see cricket as she should be played. My visits to Lord's are rare and usually coincide with the drizzle which keeps the players inside the pavilion and the spectators uncertain whether to wait or to chuck it. (And then the pavilion at Lord's is the gloomiest place above ground.) But while watching Brown playing that glorious innings for the Gentlemen against the Australians, Lord's, where the second Test Match is now being fought out, was a place of delight and hope, and every member near me was engaged in drawing up an agenda for the urgent consideration of the Committee. The chief problem, of course, is how to get a decision in a Test Match. To increase the length of play to five or six days is cricket suicide. If there is no means of controlling groundsmen and restricting the artificially produced perfection of wickets, the combatants (some said) must be stimulated to go for the runs by methods of accountancy. One said: Add two runs to the fielding side for every "maiden"; another said: Score one point for a first innings lead and two points for a two-innings win. I myself believe that you cannot *monkey* with the game. Nimble accountancy kills its spirit. There are moments when stonewalling is the nicest art of cricket (e.g. when Brown's last two partners were trying to keep up their wickets for Brown's sake). The only

ETON'S ROYAL VISIT: The King and Queen, eagerly watched by black-coated young Etonians, shaking hands with the officiating clergy after attending divine service in Upper Chapel on Sunday morning. They drove over from Windsor Castle where they have been entertaining extensively since the start of Ascot week

hope is for the M.C.C. to ration the activities of Test wicket groundsmen or to discharge on the five grounds a packet of leatherjackets. This subject, therefore, is not on my agenda. I require the Committee urgently to consider :— (1) Substitution of *seats* for gridirons. Many members of the M.C.C. are thin, spare men and for them the seating accommodation in the pavilion affords unspeakable agony. By raising the modest subscription 1s. in the £ comfort could be installed with padded or canvas seats, and these could be protected from rain by means of waterproof blinds affixed to the first balcony parapet, to be lowered to supports on the ground railing only when rain falls, and at night. (2) Removal of candied peel from bath buns. The M.C.C. bakery turns out thousands of these buns per day. Why do the authorities suffer the insertion into them of that barbarous ingredient which every civilised man ejects? (3) Members must queue up to obtain a strip ticket for their teas, from a charming but overworked young lady. Why not dispel the queue, dispel the tedium of waiting, and dispense with the young lady by inserting three robot slot machines?

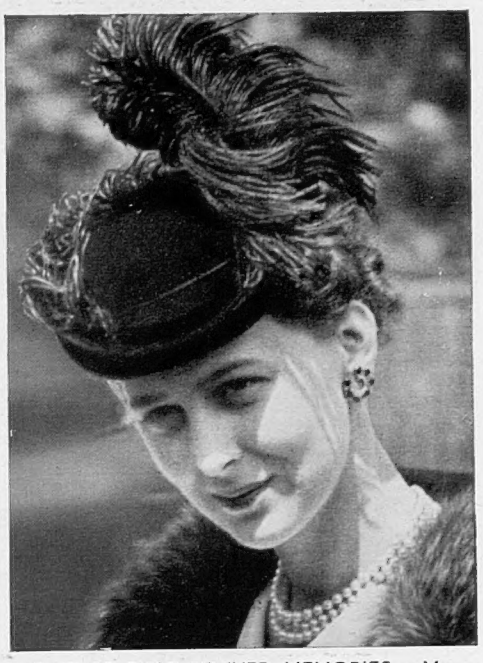
earthquakes felt in London. Now, it is a recognised thing that London earthquakes occur on the 8th of the month—that has been the rule for 300 years at least. See Milne's *Earthquake Shocks felt in G.B.* from which I quote: 1692, September 8; 1750, February 8; 1750, March 8; 1756, February 8; 1761, February 8; 1761, March 8; That is a curious record. Occasionally the shocks occur a little "previous" (as on June 7, 1931 or May 6, 1938). But the 11th of the month or later are not earthquake dates, definitely, and one was, naturally, not prepared for it.

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.—Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Matinée was honoured by the presence of the Queen, and it was a high honour which the British public (which still loves and appreciates dramatic art, and, when it can afford it, supports it) immensely approved as merited. For fifty years Miss Irene has been a servant of the public, and has invested by her art the stage of London with dignity, new beauties, understanding, and grace. The sisters Vanbrugh have indeed adorned and consistently raised the art of British drama; so different in the characters they played, so similar in the characters they applied to perfecting their roles. Miss Violet the woman of the world, witty, shrewd; Miss Irene, gentle, dreamy, sympathetic, understanding. She was cut out by nature to be the interpreter of Barrie; Kate in the *Twelve Pound Look* fitted her like a glove, and Rose Trelawny *was* Irene Vanbrugh. But a great actress is everything to every dramatist of ability, although a great lady is always herself whatever stage character she assumes. She was equally at home with the tantrums of Lady Teazle, the broad humours of Mistress Page. She could meet the gay Lord Quex on his own ground, or bring back the atmosphere of mid-Victorian drawing-rooms. Whatever she played, in comedy or even farce, the "tears of things" welled up at the magic of her touch. For her stage and her art knew and know no limits. They cover the whole range of human life and touch with sympathetic understanding every human chord. She is rightly called an Elizabethan.

LADY HAMILTON'S ONLY LOVE.—Amy or Emma Lyon or Ha[illegible], or Cadogan or Hamilton, passed thr[illegible]gh many hands in her strange car[illegible]r between Nesse and Hawarden, Ch[illegible]shire, to glory and Merton and dea[illegible]h in comparative poverty at Calais in 1815. She passed from the hands of a casual naval officer into the rough hands and rude plenty of Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh at Up Park (which I observe from my window as I write), to the delicate and parsimonious hands of the Hon. Charles Greville, whom Mr. Wells (who if any should know better) has confused with the diarist, to the generous hands of Sir William Hamilton and thence to the (remaining) hand of Nelson. There were other loves and other men. Of all the men who loved her only Romney loved her unselfishly, and her own undiluted passion was reserved for the meanest of all her admirers—Greville. She did not pretend to love Fetherstonhaugh, she feared and endured him out of necessity. She was grateful to Hamilton and loved Nelson's glory. But on Greville she squandered all the great power of first and last love of which some women are capable. Her letters to him, of which a score or more are coming under the hammer at Sotheby's, prove the truth of this and history confirms it.

EARTHQUAKE.—The Earth's Minister of the Interior chose the 11th, 12th, and 15th of the month for

PROFESSOR FREUD.—Individual nations at various times in history have made "corners" of the world's supply of gold, or its trade, or other vital assets. Britain, thanks to the Nationalist activities of certain dictator states, seems in a fair way to make a definite corner in the world's supply of human genius. More and more of the recognised leaders and men of genius in science, philosophy, music, and art are making their homes, and remaking their lives, in England, and we shall add a more valuable label to our national portmanteau than "The pouting place of princes (dethroned)." Therefore we welcome Professor Freud, whose son has long adorned an honourable profession of the arts in London, and whose name is known all over the world. And our welcome is without qualification, because the company of great leaders in any and every profession must always add to the culture of a nation, and every thinker adds to the opportunities of others of his kind to increase their own reputations and the sum of human knowledge. Ergo, the question of foreign genius displacing native ability is a mean one and a petty, and does not arise. And, again, it is not for us to raise the question (it will be posterity's business) of the ultimate good to humanity of Professor Freud's discoveries and theories. Most discoveries are dangerous in inexpert or rash hands, and those of Professor Freud are no exceptions.



A PICTURE THAT REVIVED MEMORIES: Many who saw the Duchess of Kent as she drove up the course in the Royal Procession at Ascot instantly called to mind her great-aunt, the late Queen Alexandra, beloved consort of King Edward VII, the charming period hat undoubtedly enhancing the likeness

EVEREST?—Mr. Tilman's 1938 expedition to conquer Everest may or may not have failed. Several porters returned to Gangtok in Sikkim state, apparently demobilised, but for what reason it is still uncertain. We have heard much less of this expedition than of the last. There was less money available and it was not equipped with wireless, and the great newspaper which acquired the "rights" has had less information to disseminate than had the *D. T.* on the last expedition. Once the monsoon breaks, the prospect of success in a post-monsoon attempt is very small. It is a pity, because every expedition profits by the lessons of the last, and this year the pushing ever higher of the stage camps and the immense lightening of vital loads for the last push, looked like business if the weather smiled. If one feels some satisfaction that the old earth still holds one mystery inviolable, one sympathises with the brave men who will not admit defeat. Perhaps that admission will not be wrung from them, even now. We *do* know that on May 26 the North Col had been occupied in good, windless weather but heavy snow conditions, and we know that Mr. Tilman and a party were nearly killed by an avalanche.

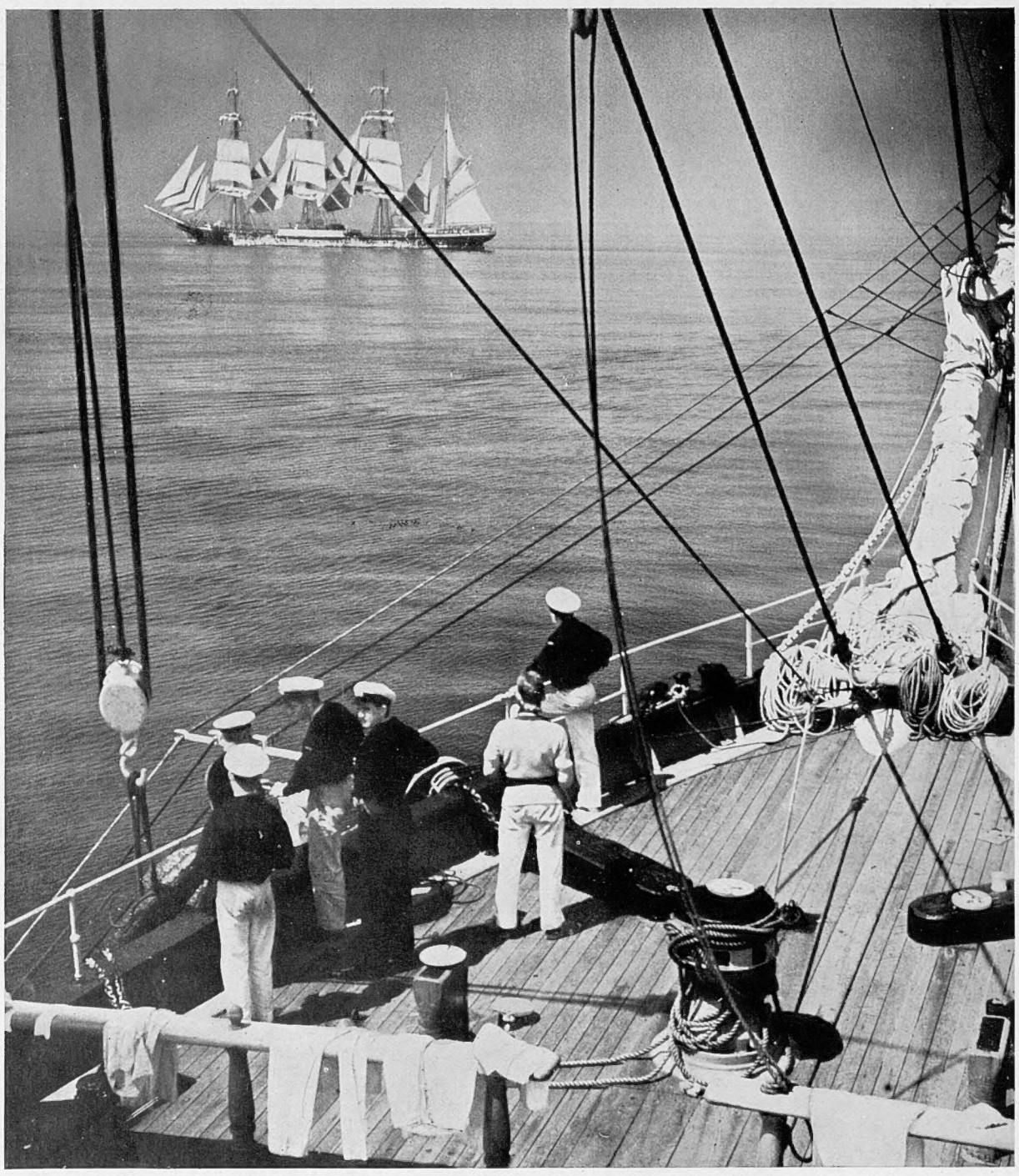
THE OLD STAGER

The Fairey Aviation Company ask us to point out that the frontispiece in THE SPHERE of May 21, showing work in progress on a construction of a group of Fairey "Battle" aircraft, was taken in the erecting shop of their subsidiary concern, the Stockport Aviation Company. In this connection it should be made clear that this is not a "Government Shadow Factory," but belongs essentially to what is termed the "professional industry."

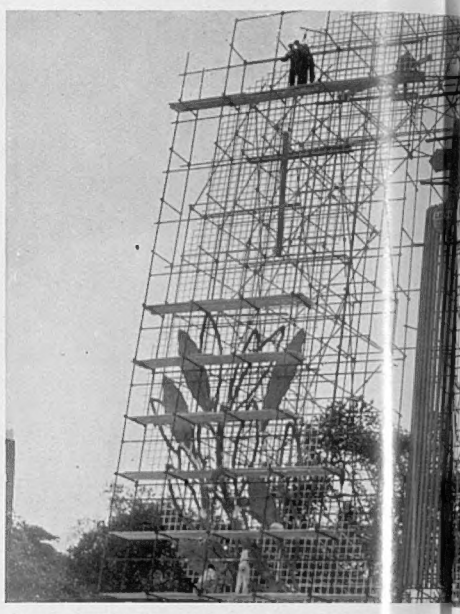
LONDON'S NEW CITY MARSHAL: Major J. H. Taylor, mounted on his grey horse, Daphne, as he prepared to accompany the Lord Mayor from Mansion House to Guildhall on assuming his duties in this picturesque office, which involves riding beside the Lord Mayor in all processions. He cuts a dashing figure in the city's colourful pageantry

PASSING

STORMED AT BY SHOT AND SHELL: The wireless-controlled target ship *Centurion* helped to provide the *piece de resistance* at the naval exercises held off Weymouth last Tuesday. The *Centurion* put to sea with



FAMOUS SAILING SHIPS MEET: The windjammer *Passat*, runner-up in the 1938 grain race, seen from the *Cutty Sark* as they passed off Dungeness. The veteran China tea clipper was on the way to Greenhithe, where she will be used for training purposes



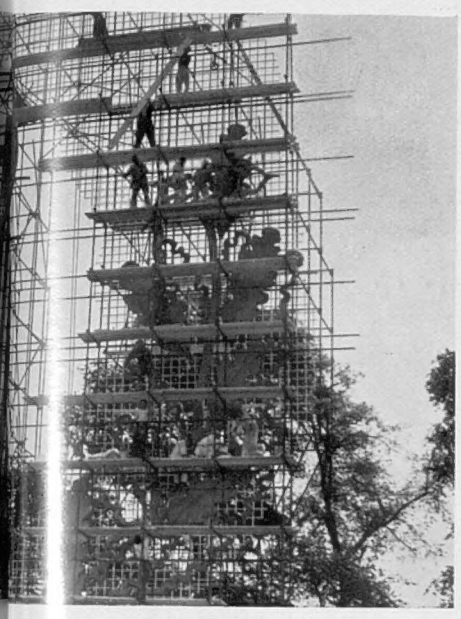
PARIS PREPARES FOR KING GEORGE'S VISIT: This huge pile of scaffolding facing the Champs Elysée, in the Place de la Concorde, is to bear the Royal Arms of England

THE ROYAL CHILDREN TAKE UP "GUIDING": Princess Elizabeth as a Girl Guide and Princess Margaret as a Brownie at Windsor Castle last Sunday as they made their first public appearance in uniform at the march past preceding the Guides' National Service

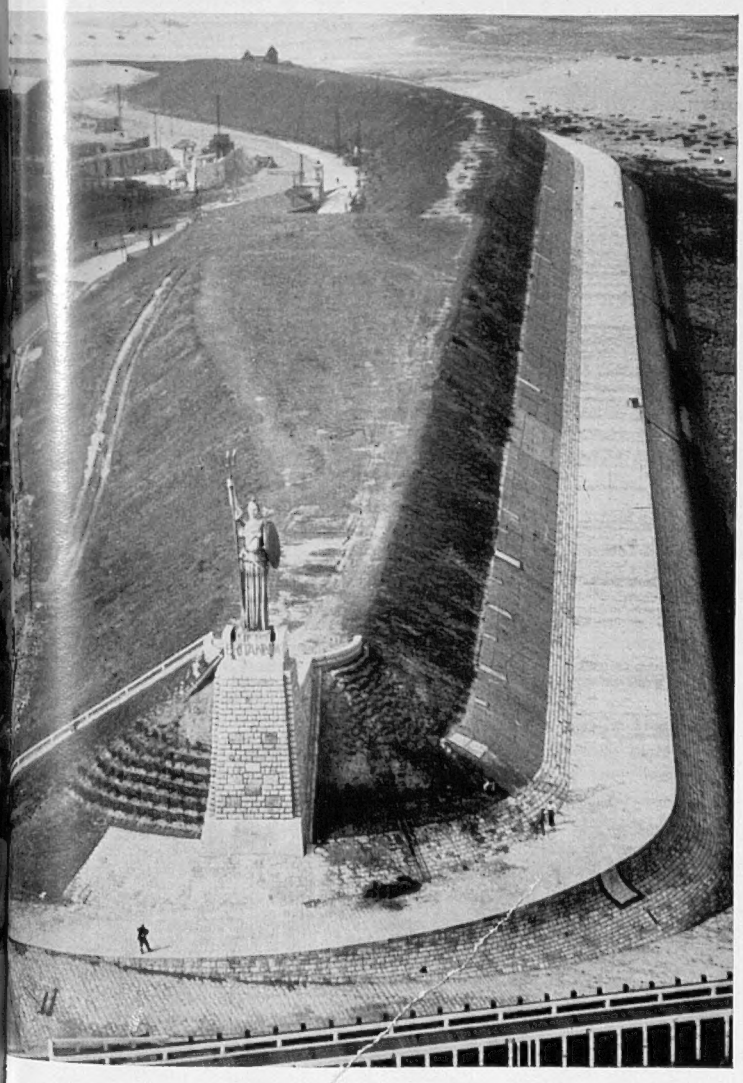
MR. DE VALERA ACHIEVES AN UNEXPECTED SUCCESS: The Prime Minister of Eire acclaimed as he arrived to address the final rally in Dublin before the General Election which, deeming the moment opportune in view of the new agreement with Britain, he precipitated in the hope of shaking his Fianna Fail party free of its dependence on the Labour vote. The result of this political coup, in which many had foreseen danger, surpassed expectations, and on Monday it became known that Fianna Fail was certain of a majority over all other parties

PAGEANT

a crew of 300 men, and at a given moment they were transferred to the attendant destroyer *Shikari*, which proceeded to control the ship by wireless while the cruisers *Southampton* and *Glasgow* made an attack on her, firing 120 rounds



LEADING THE FLEET TO SEA: The 33,500-ton battleship *Nelson*, flagship of the Home Fleet, steaming off Weymouth last Tuesday morning. On board was King George, who watched from the bridge the subsequent manœuvres of eighty of his warships, which gave a magnificent display of their fighting efficiency in conditions approximating as closely as possible to those likely to be encountered on active service. His Majesty's presence in *Nelson* was indicated by the Union Jack flown at the bows

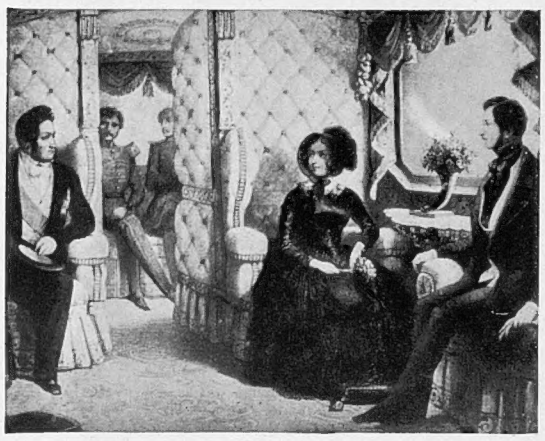


On left—
WHEN THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE IN BOULOGNE HARBOUR on June 28 at the start of their State visit to France they will pass this statue of Britannia, which will have been unveiled earlier in the day by Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan. It commemorates the arrival of the first British Expeditionary Force in 1914. France is excelling herself in the arrangements she is making for the Royal visit. On Their Majesties' arrival in Paris a salute of 101 guns will be fired and a gigantic flag, 2,400 sq. ft. in size, probably the largest ever manufactured, will be hoisted aloft on the Eiffel Tower

THE DUCHESS OF KENT with rose-sellers as she left her Belgrave Square home to make a tour of the selling depots on Alexandra Day, which, it may be remembered, was inaugurated in 1912 to celebrate the fiftieth year of Queen Alexandra's residence in England, the profits being distributed among hospitals and the nursing services

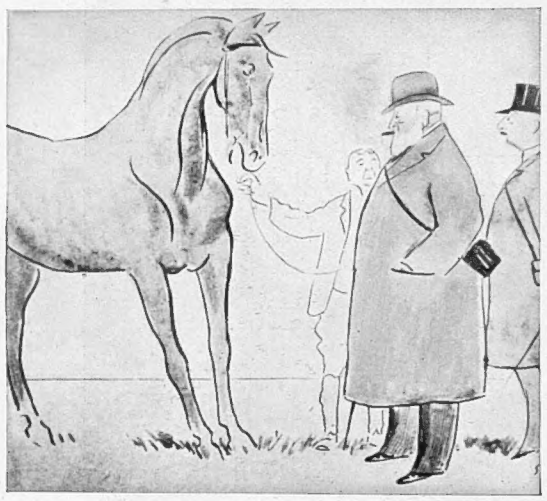
Hands Across the Channel

Our Sovereigns in France: Louis Philippe's Visit



SOVEREIGNS MEET: King Louis Philippe (left), Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort in the Queen's private railway carriage during the French monarch's stay in England in 1844 when returning the visit of our Queen in the previous year; a picture of particular interest at this moment in view of King George's forthcoming journey to France. It was in 1842 that the Queen made her first railway trip and, by all accounts, she took an instant liking to it

WITH JOHN BROWN ON THE BOX: Queen Victoria out driving in 1890 when she visited France in the hope that the waters at Aix might alleviate the rheumatism from which she suffered much in later life

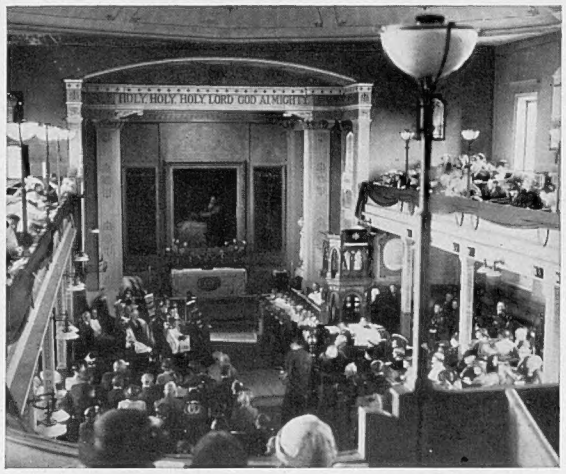


GIANTS OF THE TURF MEET: This caricature, showing Edward VII inspecting the famous stallion Renard Volant, had a wide circulation in France during that most popular monarch's reign when he was such a very frequent visitor to those shores

BEFORE THE EUROPEAN DELUGE: King George V and President Poincaré driving through the streets of Paris in 1914, when the British sovereign returned the visit the French leader had paid to England in 1913

MAGNA CARTA KNIGHTS

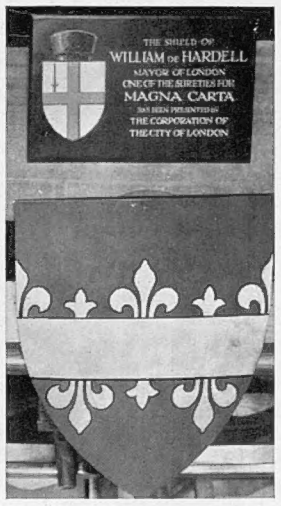
Egham's Shields of the Twenty-five Barons



SEVEN CENTURIES AFTER: The scene in Egham Parish Church, near Runnymede, last Sunday at the service at which Lord Alness, president of the Magna Carta Society, unveiled twenty-five shields representing the twenty-five barons who in 1215 humbled the pride of the throne by keeping King John without money until he signed the vital document that was to prove the foundation of English liberty. The shields have been largely subscribed for by descendants of the dissenting barons

THE SHIELDS OF WILLIAM MARSHALL AND WILLIAM MALLET, two of the twenty-five barons who made John sign Magna Carta. They have been placed in Egham Church by the barons' respective descendants

THE PRESIDENT OF THE MAGNA CARTA SOCIETY: Lord Alness, former Lord Advocate of Scotland, seen with his wife at Egham



THE SHIELD OF WILLIAM DE HARDELL, the Mayor of London who helped to bring about the signing of the Great Charter

The replicas of the shields of the twenty-five barons who brought King John to book at Runnymede were unveiled last Sunday at neighbouring Egham Church in a special service and in the presence of a distinguished congregation, headed by Lord Alness, noted Scottish lawyer and president of the Magna Carta Society. Many of the shields have been presented by descendants of the "surety" barons, as witness the following table:—

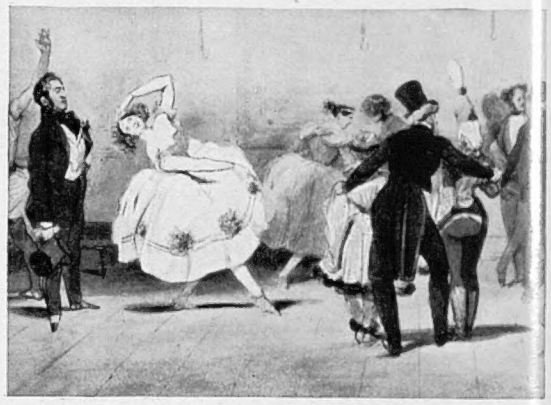
Baronial Sureties of 1215	Present Family and Donors
Baron Mallet	Sir Claude Mallet
Wm. Marshall, Earl of Pembroke	Lady Lucas
Robert de Roos	Countess Dartrey
Geoffrey de Saye	Lord Clinton
Gilbert de Clare	Mrs. Francis Abel-Smith
Henry de Bohun	Marquess of Ormonde
John FitzRobert	The Lord Wharton
William d'Albini	Viscount Gage
Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and Surrey	Earl FitzWilliam
Hugh Bigod, heir to above	Lord Howard de Walden
William de Hardell, Mayor of London	The Lord Mayor of London
John de Lacie	National Society, Daughters of Barons of Runnemede
William de Llanvallei	Sir Robert Gresley, Bart.
Geoffrey de Mandeville	Earl of Essex
William de Mowbray	National Society, Daughters of Barons of Runnemede
Richard de Percy	Duke of Northumberland
Saire de Quincey	Lord Stamford
Robert de Vere	Lady Alexandra Palmer
Eustace de Vesci	Viscount de Vesci

The Dance Through the Ages

An Interesting Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

"MASQUERADE, VENICE": This work by Pietro Longhi, the Venetian genre painter and engraver of the first half of the eighteenth century, is one of the early pictures in the exhibition depicting The Dance Through the Ages now being held at the Leicester Galleries. It covers a period of approximately four centuries

FLAMBOYANT MOOD: A coloured engraving, showing two couples dancing, unsigned but dated Paris 1800–1810, also included in The Dance Through the Ages exhibition now at the Leicester Galleries



"FOYER DE L'OPERA": A detail of a work by Eugene Lamy or Lami, the French illustrator of the nineteenth century who won particular distinction in the realm of art with his series of plates for "Chronique de Charles IX" and "Manon Lescaut"

"POLKAMANIE": A spirited interpretation of the dance by C. H. Vernier, also included in the Leicester Galleries exhibition which was opened to the public this week and should certainly attract a wide measure of attention, coming as it does at the same juncture as the ballet season at Covent Garden

THE LIMPOPO AIR CRASH: SEARCHERS FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BUSH

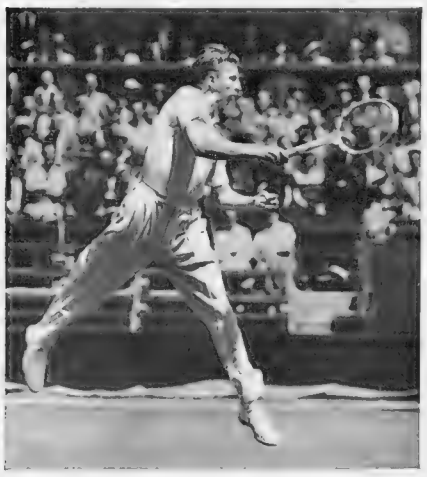
How, Guided by Planes and Using Fire Signals, They Reached the Scene of the Disaster In Which Six Lives Were Lost

SEEKING ASSISTANCE FROM THE SKIES: Members of the search party round one of the smoke fires which they lit every hour in order to attract the attention of aeroplanes which signalled them the direction they should take as for a day-and-a-half they cut their way through difficult bush country to the point, 20 miles north of the Limpopo River, where a South African Air Force machine had crashed, carrying six men to their deaths. The ill-fated plane was on its way from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, to Pretoria, Transvaal, and four passengers were members of the Royal Air Force boxing team from England. *On right*—Part of the wreckage, showing the remains of the fuselage and one wing. The other wing was torn off and found nearby, while one engine was discovered no fewer than 300 yards away. Funds for the dependents of the men killed are being promoted throughout the Union

On left—FEELING THE PANGS OF THIRST: The airmen, policemen, and farmers who took part in the 30-mile struggle through the bush to reach the wrecked South African Air Force machine had little water on the 36-hour outward trek and some of them are pictured here digging for it in a dried-up river bed, their dog, incidentally, taking an intelligent interest in the proceedings. At a depth of 2½ ft. they secured sufficient water for their needs. Reading from left to right, in the foreground, they are:—Lieut. L. J. Gillison, of the Pietersburg Police; Major P. Blair-Hook, of the South African Medical Corps; Sergeant Heydenrych, who acted as one of the guides; Mr. Knot, of Louis Trichardt; and Captain J. A. de Vos, South African Air Force

WIMBLEDON 1938 OPENS WITH A DOUBLE-FAULT

But Champion Donald Budge, Its Perpetrator, and All the Other Seeded Men Players Sail into the Next Round



THE WORLD-BEATER: Budge in action against K. C. Gandar Dower on the first day of the Wimbledon championships. He started with a double-fault

ALMOST A GIANT-KILLER: E. Filby, who put up a magnificent fight against H. W. Austin on the first day. *Below*—Denmark's Mrs. Sperling going out to do battle against Miss H. Kovac of Yugoslavia

WHEN MRS. MOODY SERVES: The champion of seven Wimbledons puts few terrors into her service, stylish though it is in execution, and this may indeed be a secret of her remarkable and long continued success, for in eschewing attempts at "ace" scoring it is evident she conserves her energies for the rallies in which her court craft outwits many an opponent

By ROY McKELVIE

ODDLY enough, the 1938 Wimbledon, its fifty-seventh meeting, opened with a double-fault, served by the champion, J. Donald Budge, known in his home country as the "Flame-Topped Californian" and various other expressive American terms. It is the right of the champion to play the first match on the Centre Court and, although it was by no means full, those who saw Budge oppose one of the greatest all-rounders the sporting world has ever seen, Kenneth C. Gandar Dower, had a feast of fun.

This match demonstrated so clearly that to be a modern champion of a world sport concentration on that one game alone is the only medicine. "Gandar," as he is universally known, has won the singles championship at Rugby Fives, been in the winning Eton Fives pair, has been classed as the second squash player in the world to Amr Bey, made large breaks at billiards, played cricket for Harrow, lawn tennis for Cambridge, and shot lions in Central Africa. He might have been great at any one of the major sports, cricket or lawn tennis, but for his love of them all. He could do no more than tease the champion with shots he once used in the Royal Tennis court where, to the chagrin of those few sitting in the dedans, he merrily went up to the net, volleyed, and so made history. "Gandar" was beaten 6—2, 6—3, 6—3, but had his money's worth.

Who can stop this Budge from winning what must be to him just one more title? It is a lean year for the men. At 5 to 1 on, Budge is cheap, for only accident or an inspired Bunny Austin can touch him. And Austin, given the honour of being seeded No. 2, nearly failed in his first match to one whom we hope will have profited by his first appearance on the Centre Court. It was twenty-one-year-old Eric Filby, who failed at the crisis of the match when leading by two sets to one with the score 4—4 in the fourth, and lacked the cool head and strong grip to remove Austin from the championships. Filby had previously beaten Austin in the Surrey Championships, but lost this time 4—6, 6—1, 3—6, 6—4, 6—3.

It is indeed a lucky draw for Austin, for many say that he did not deserve to be seeded No. 2, and as he was, why was not Senorita Anita Lizana, the little Chilean, seeded among the women? Austin holds no title. Senorita Lizana holds the world's second championship, the American.

The three other seeded players in Austin's half, all of whom survived the first day, are D. Mitic (Yugoslavia), H. Henkel (Germany) and L. Hecht (Czechoslovakia). Mitic played his first game on a grass court when beating M. G. Weston (Australia), and neither Henkel nor Hecht are at their best. What matters it if Budge has Kho Sin Kie, the first Chinaman ever seeded at Wimbledon, F. Puncec, countryman Mitic, and the giant Roderick Menzel, Hecht's doubles partner, in his half? It is, nevertheless, a much stronger half than Austin's. On the hot dusty central European courts such players as Puncec and Mitic, who destroyed our Davis Cup team this year, and the others are terrors to the orthodox grass court player. At Wimbledon the positions are reversed.

One might expect this year such a remark as was heard last year, when the field was stronger. "When do we see the good ones?" said some blasé young man as he watched one of the semi-final matches. It is the women who give the colour, the thrill, and speculation to Wimbledon this year. Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, seven times winner of the title, has come back again. Miss J. Jedrzejowska (Poland), who like two other competitors, Senorita Lizana and Miss Freda James, will get married soon afterwards, Miss Alice Marble (America), Miss Kay Stammers, and Frau Hilda Sperling (Denmark), are all there, and any one of them may win.

Despite her recent defeat by Frau Sperling, Mrs. Moody's odds shortened from 5 to 2 to 2 to 1, for she inspires so much confidence in the public and so much inferiority complex in her opponents when playing a match of great importance. Her secret is not only intensive practice and mental concentration, but the calm self-assurance with which she carries out her work. Opponents fade before the glare of her fame. Life, for them, would be easier if they had never heard of her.

Helen Number One is undoubtedly the greatest of them all, but she has got to face the cannons of Poland, the running powers of Denmark—Frau Sperling is her probable opponent in the semi-final—and, perhaps, the rapier thrusts of her own country-woman, Miss Marble, with whom she has never crossed swords in a serious match.

Nor does the women's entry finish with the names given above. The Australians, including their best, Miss Nancye Wynne, are there. America has others, such as Mrs. S. P. Fabyan. The South Africans have a representative team, and there are our own girls besides Miss Stammers. And Miss M. C. Scriven has also been seeded and is in the top half with Miss Marble, Miss Jedrzejowska and Madame R. Mathieu (France).

Fate played some queer tricks, and it ordained that Senorita Lizana, unseeded, should play her last year's conqueror, the seeded Madame Mathieu, in her first match. The quarter-final contest at last year's Wimbledon had ended dramatically with the Chilean in tears. Sometimes the public have long memories, and sensing that Tuesday's meeting might provide them with meat, they crowded into the Centre Court.

However, they were disappointed, for it was a listless and unsmiling Senorita who lost 6—4, 6—4 to the Frenchwoman, who is reputed to have won the French Junior Championship with her baby watching from a pram.

Senorita Lizana had her chances in both sets when, having recovered from 1—3 in the first, she held the point for 5—3, and again when leading 2—0 in the second. But her game was too full of mistakes. This left Madame Mathieu, sandwiched between Miss Marble and Miss Jedrzejowska, who lost a set to Miss D. Stevenson, in the top half of the draw.

Miss Lumb, the squash champion, very quickly beat the South African, Miss O. Craze, on No. 1 court by 6—0, 6—3, and Miss R. M. Hardwick, who had beaten Mrs. Moody at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, conquered the Australian, Miss J. Hartigan, 6—4, 6—2.

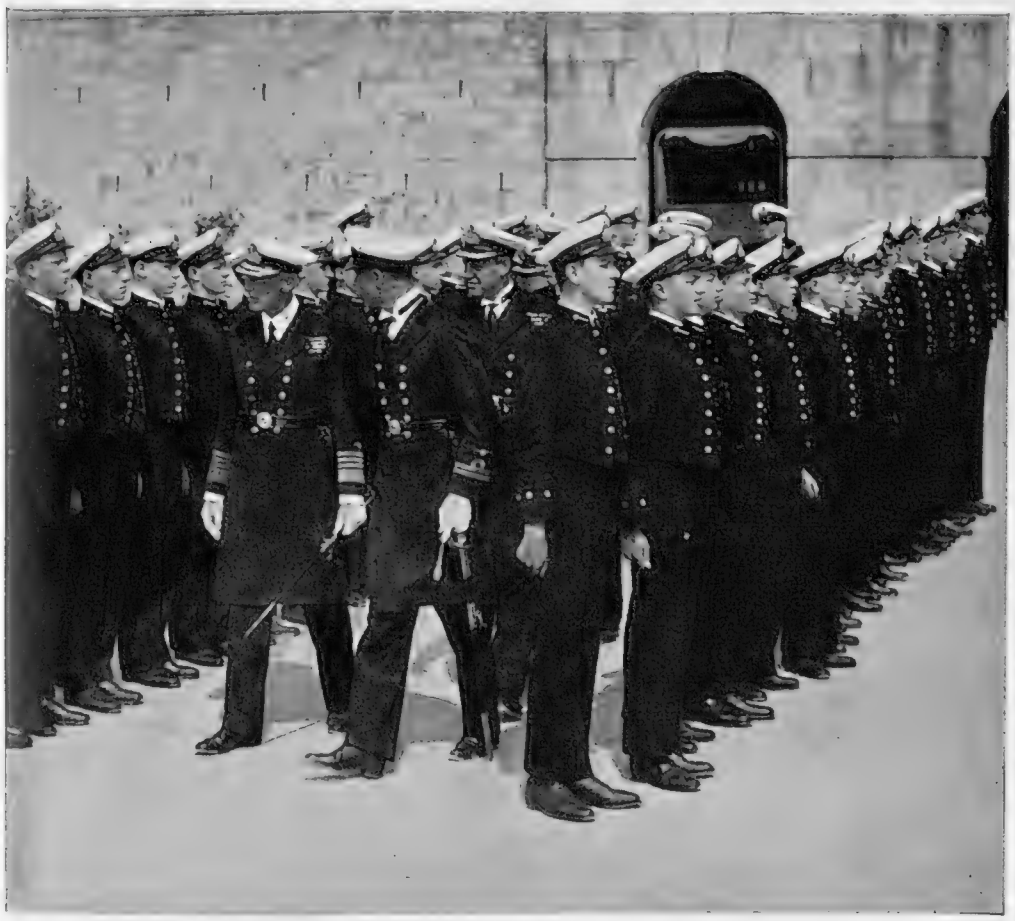
Miss Helen Jacobs, who has played very little tennis this year owing to a touch of laryngitis, showed good form against Miss M. Whitmarsh.

BASE-LINE AGILITY: A fine action picture strip of Kay Stammers, who in the Wightman Cup leapt back to her best form and on the second day of the Wimbledon meeting trounced Mrs. Michell, using her cross-court left-handers

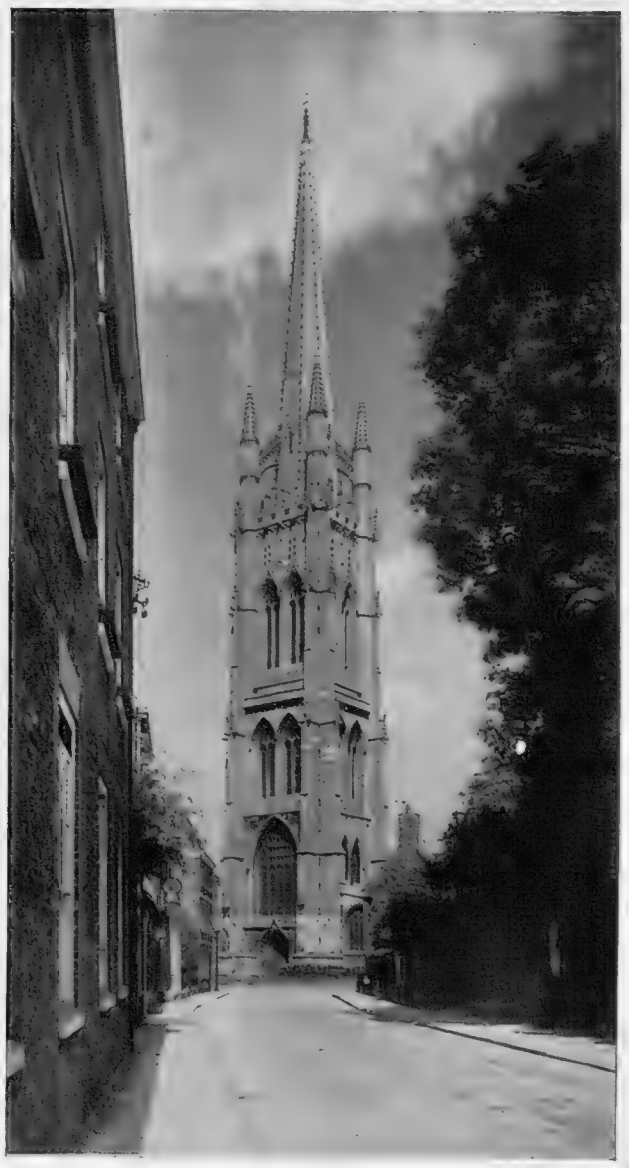
QUEEN MARY'S VISIT TO THE CONSTABLE COUNTRY

Dartmouth Cadets Inspected—The 300-ft. Tower of a Lincolnshire Parish Church Restored ; A Landmark Between Wold and Marsh

GLORY OF THE EAST ANGLIAN SCENE: Queen Mary, who has been staying at Thorpe-le-Soken as the guest of Lady Byng, walking from Willy Lott's cottage, made famous by Constable in "The Hay Wain" and "The Valley Farm," during her tour of Constable's country. With her are Mr. and Mrs. Parkington, who some years ago restored the cottage, and Flatford Mill nearby, presenting both to the nation



NAVAL OFFICERS OF THE FUTURE: Admiral Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax, Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth Station, inspecting cadets at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, during his visit last week



On right—A LINCOLNSHIRE LANDMARK PRESERVED: The 300-ft. tower of Louth Parish Church, the restoration of which has just been completed at a cost of £5,000—an event that is to be celebrated on Sunday, July 24, by a special broadcast service of thanksgiving. So bad was the condition of the tower that heavy traffic was diverted from the neighbourhood of the church. The spire itself, which is octagonal and about 130 ft. high, was split right through in many places, one crack in the masonry being 20 ft. long. The timber framework inside was eaten away by wood beetle and dry rot

b

"BOTH ARE OLDER NOW" and the Duce, at any rate, indicates Ferdinand Tuohy, would seem to be in the midst of a gradual "slowing up" and no longer bearing alone the burden of state

THE HANDCLASP ON THE BRENNER

How Italy Regards the Berlin-Rome Axis in the Light of Austria's Annexation

By FERDINAND TUOHY

JUST a year ago I motored over the Brenner, from Innsbrück to Bolzano, roughly 50 miles through what most good pre-war Germanics were wont to call "Our Sunland."

Superficially, probably not much has since changed along this glorious highway of the ages. German instead of Austrian uniforms at and about the frontier; official portraits of Hitler vice those of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, with corresponding alteration in the bearing of authority beneath them; chipped in marble on the border, the swastika and D for Deutschland in room of Austria's eagle and O for Oesterreich. Fifty yards of neutral soil, terminated at each end by a wooden pole across the road, guarded by sentries (" poles apart? " —we shall come to that presently).

High above, the 4,495 ft. pass itself, and towering for the might of Italy, Monte Sella and the Spina del Lupo, each between 8,000 ft. and 9,000 ft.

Had Hitler, on his way to and from Rome, ventured to look out of his coach window, instead of remaining hidden from view because those assembled along the line, the best Germanics ever he knew, but now forcibly Italianised Tyroleans, would have hailed him so embarrassingly in their anguish at separation from the homeland and race, had the Führer, as he passed over the Brenner and on through the land of Andreas Hofer, surveyed the fleeting landscape, there's no reason to suppose he would have spotted anything new from last year.

On the German side, as lord of Alpine vegetation, with a preservation law unto itself, the edelweiss must still be there; and everywhere pine and larch, and those unique Almen, meadows of an almost unreal green, upon which cattle graze all the year round. The mountain slopes dotted with whitewashed chalets; great storehouses intermittently, reminding of this route of merchandise; and how many high-steepled churches, and how many White Horse Inns! Ah, time to break—

Here is change, surely? How is this devout mountain folk going to make out under Nazi neo-paganism? And how to be happy unless allowed to frequent their "Weisses Roessl" without being told that that sort of thing makes men soft, and that toil, toil must be the one conception?

On the Italian side, "Forbidden Zones" freely watched over by Alpini, Italy's best; German names everywhere rendered into Italian, even on tombstones; Fascist officialdom functioning more than somewhat; wonderful forests being "sadly depleted," at Rome's command, by Europe's greatest foresters; nitrate, powder, and poison-gas factories as blots on this fair but safe region; and power plant—ah, there we break again.

Italy cannot restore this German land because she derives so much of her electricity from it, and because the fact of her doing so yields one of her major sinews, the growing dispensing with foreign coal.

She will have to defend this Brennerland at whose summit she, a land of 43,000,000 inhabitants, despite all the aids to procreation, now faces one of 73,000,000, and maybe 'twill be more.

But will she have to defend it—that is, in any computable span of time? Of course, she is in a totally different position, up topside, to when I crossed last June. Then, she was lording it as only Italians can. Just peacocking it, in fact. With the adjacent Austrians as a subject and deferential, almost a vassal tribe. Now, the Italians are up against Göring und Gesellschaft. Very different customers. Yet we should do well to hesitate before the vision, perhaps in measure conceived of wishful thinking, of Hitler gobbling his Fascist forerunner.

The nature of what is reaching across the Brenner has yet to be revealed, is in full process of being determined. A permanent clasp? A reflection of growing mutual coolness?

For my part, I left Rome under the strong impression that number one is being genuinely aimed at by both dictators. I believe they have a long-distance "zoning" arrangement, based on opportunism, which they mean to keep: you go that way, I go this; you scratch my back, I scratch yours. I think each realises that he cannot afford to let down the other, or totalitarianism, ever again. The Duce has not yet had occasion to let down the Führer, so my sentence is technically incorrect, but maybe that will be overlooked. Rather, let us turn from personal impressions to those of the bulk of a nation, examining the unquestioned shadow, deep and possibly of long duration, that Hitler's arrival on the Brenner has cast over the bulk of the Italian people, but not over the whole, which is most important, as will appear.

"THIS MAN LOVES HIS ITALIANS, AND ITALIANS KNOW IT": Ferdinand Tuohy sees in the Duce a change these days and notes a "Father of his People" sentiment abroad in the land

Italians know, if only from examination of their own consciences, what it means not to have faith or trust in a person, to believe him capable of deceit and treachery. They know what savage lunges after power Teutons are capable of, no matter what they have undertaken—and, incidentally, it was pointed out, in Rome, that Hitler never mentioned the word "Brenner" in his post-prandial testament, but only "the Alpine frontier," conceivably a reservation of thought of some import. Still, I am not going to try to find fissures in the Axis, which is *the* silliest thing to try to do.

The Italians looked upon the break-up of the Austrian ogre as the one thing that justified 600,000 national dead. The resultant gentle little Austria was to be Italy's buffer state, her potential gallant little Belgium, should ever the great big bully beyond get up to his murderous tricks again. D'Annunzio arranged to be buried as close to Teuton soil as possible, as if his spirit should ward off the monster (heaven knows, Gabriele must feel close enough to-day!).

Italians (I am not speaking of the whole) are at this stage fully cognisant that their Duce can let them down. He swore that he would never devalue the lira, and he did so. He told the multitude in as many words that the soldiery in Ethiopia would be getting their feet wet in oil—and, Madonnas and Madres and a few other things, if there's enough there, apparently, to propel a flivver to Southend!

He ingrained profoundly in Italians the gospel of *L'Austria independente*, mobilising on the Brenner and roaring like a bull " Defend Dollfuss! " just four short years ago. And the other day he had the face to tell his same Italians that it was the Italian Will that Austria should disappear from the map, or rather, into the pocket of those who only a score years before had inflicted upon Italy the greatest defeat in her history—I refer to General von Bulow's six contracted assault divisions, swiftly and secretly brought down from their Riga triumph, because I like being precise during the present lovely mess we are navigating.

Small wonder Italians are thinking less and less of the fruits garnered at glorious Vittoria Veneto, the spearhead of which victory was formed by French and British divisions, circumstance never as much as vaguely hinted at in the colossal propaganda that Mussolini pulls from this decisive victory for the inflaming of his young.

Many Italians think that Trieste, now that its *raison d'être*, Austria, has vanished, may have to be (camouflagedly) converted into a sort of a Free Port, Danzig style (initial Nazi commercial spade-work is already meeting with applause from the victimised locals); as they further believe that the Germans are cherishing hopes in relation to the Levant partly via the Adriatic lane that for twenty years has been an exclusively Italian channel of influence and of power. Germans are so ambitious, and why should they forget how dominant they used to be in these southern latitudes?

Italians envisage a progressive waning of a new-found, beneficial neighbourliness with Yugoslavia, condition that has indeed already set in: Italy relied on this quarter for much of her meat and other produce, now going north instead.

D'Annunzio used to sing of the Adriatic as "*amarissima*" ("most bitter sea"), referring to the days when Austria lorded it. May it some day be a case of "*amarissima*" once again?

The idea of Germans at both ends of the Mediterranean, the vision of a conceivable *Unser See* some future day, is not one wholly to be laughed to scorn, at least, so I found on the spot. Few thinking Italians but believe that, whatever marvellous victories their Duce may yet achieve, the Germans will eventually get down on the Adriatic, by guile or otherwise, and that they will remain embedded in Spain. More than this, that they will probably in due course walk off with the cream of

(Continued on page 676)

On right—ITALY'S YOUTH is intensely loyal to Fascism, having an infinite trust and, indeed, adoration for the Leader

IN EUROPE NOW

A Continental Survey

GERMANY'S AIR FORCE ON PARADE: Field-Marshal Göring, Reich Air Minister, here seen carrying his elaborately decorated baton of office, and Major-General Udet, pictured in conversation at the aerial manœuvres held recently near the Pomeranian coast where some of the latest types of aircraft showed their paces. The strength of German military aviation remains a complete mystery, and very varying totals are quoted by public speakers

CHEERS FOR THE HOUSE OF SAVOY: King Victor Emmanuel driving with Fascist chiefs through the streets of Romagna during his visit to the Province of Forli, where he saw Signor Mussolini's birthplace

"THRCUGH A GLASS DARKLY": Reichchancellor Hitler watching through a tinted screen the progress of the recent German Air Force manœuvres held in the region of the Pomeranian coast. The Führer is much occupied these days, as witness his visit to Vienna last week in order to settle the party differences

NEW LEADER FOR YUGOSLAV MUSLIMS: The scene in the Tsareva Mosque at Sarajevo during the ceremony at which Fehim Spaho was enthroned as Reis-ul-Ulema, head of the faith in Bosnia and Herzegovina

PICTURESQUE DANCES OF OLD ALSACE were presented last week at the annual fete in the Franco-German border town of Wissembourg, where the citizens, dressed in their traditional costumes, gave a display in the market place. Wissembourg, once known as Weissenburg, has had a chequered and far from happy history since the middle ages and was the scene of the first big German victory over the French in the war of 1870

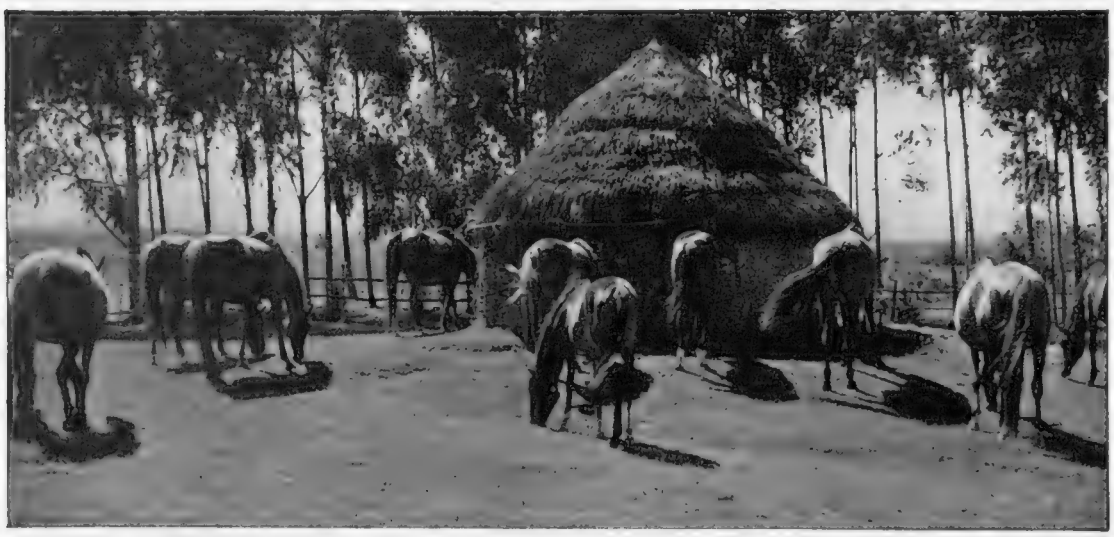
A STUD FARM AT THE EQUATOR

Breeding Thoroughbreds on the Slopes of Mount Kenya

GLISTENING COATS AND PHYSICAL PERFECTION: The mares and a few youngsters being watered before going out to the paddocks in the morning at the Naro Moru stud farm, situated in magnificent grassland 7,000 ft. up on the slopes of Mount Kenya, almost on the equator. The farm, which formerly belonged to the late Captain E. Gooch, is now run by Mrs. Gooch, and has produced some notable performers on the Kenya Turf

LAZY DAYS IN THE PADDOCK: These mares, mostly in foal to Kenya's champion sire Silvernia, are grazing on Mrs. E. Gooch's stud farm at Naro Moru, with the great, snow-covered peak of 19,000 ft. Mount Kenya rising in the distance. Elephant, buffalo, and rhino are frequently to be seen on the unenclosed parts of the farm

IN THE HOME PASTURES: Mares and their offspring grazing near the stables of Mrs. Gooch's equator stud farm which has the distinction of being almost self-supporting, oats and lucerne for the horses being grown on the farm, while milk, cream, and butter for the household are provided by a first-class herd of Friesian cattle



ROUND THE RONDAVEL Mares grazing at Naro Moru and (*on left*) two-year-olds exercising on the "gallops" where they are prepared for the big race meetings in Nairobi. Many good horses have been bred there, as witness the fact that the sire Silvernia headed the winning list in 1935-36 and was second in 1936-37. Kenya is a great country for horses and they do not suffer the steady deterioration from generation to generation which occurs in other parts of the African continent

A CORNER IN CASHMERE

THE HARDY GOATS OF THE TIBETAN HIGHLANDS provide the most prized of fleeces and the market in this commodity, it seems, is now being cornered by the Japanese

IF Japan succeeds in her present endeavour, cashmere, the raw material of a large British textile industry, may be successfully cornered. With that ruthlessness which characterises to-day all her economic activities, Japan, which now holds the port of Tientsin, has laid hands upon the raw material which for centuries has passed from the vast hinterland of Central Asia through that port to the great markets of the western world.

Cashmere is the fleece of the mountain goats that range the pasturelands, rocky and often barren, of Tibet. The animals are small and hardy, ranging from pure white—the most coveted fleece—to grey and brown. The herdsmen of these plains are Tibetans, that is to say, Mongols. They have no other way of life, and the sum total of their wealth is reckoned in cattle units, goats and yaks.

In that land money is of little worth. The cashmere-goat herdsman, moving about the plains in search of pasture, trades his flock's fleece for commodities. It is a way of trade more ancient than the oldest token currency.

From the vast terrain which stretches between Tibet and the Chinese seaboard comes to the Tibetan cashmere farmer the camel caravan of the Chinese merchant. In a sense, this ancient trade route is a Golden Road, for this fleece alone has brought great wealth to the East, finding its way not only to China but to India.

The Chinese itinerant merchant moves with his beasts among the goat-herds, making his harvest of the fine, downy fibres around high summer.

There is, in the animal world, no other fleece so fine as cashmere, for, living at a high altitude, the hardy Tibetan goat has been endowed by Nature with an undercoat which grows snug and warm against his scaly skin beneath the long coat—the beard hair so called. It is because of the fairylike texture of cashmere fibre that the textile industry values it above all others.

For example, when the first cashmeres came to this country, the Scottish weavers soon saw that here was something incomparably finer than even the wools of the Shetland flocks, fine as those are. The result was the growth and development of a new weaving and knitting industry, centred in the Border country amid scenery made famous by Scott.

The English experts, though alive to the real danger of the Japanese frontal attack upon their well-being, are by no means pessimistic. There are large stocks of cashmere in this country, chiefly at Bradford—the focal point from which weaver, dyer and manufacturer draw raw supplies.

The English industry does not doubt Japan's objective, which is to corner the world cashmere market, but they realise, also, the logic of the economic situation. When Japan has warehoused the last 200-lb. bale of cashmere in her Tientsin warehouses, her economists may wake to the fact that hard cash is a more urgent necessity under war conditions than raw materials of no military value.

As a material for textile garments, the virtue of cashmere lies in a combination of qualities not equalled even by silk. In the first place, the yarn is extraordinarily light, and the fibres, being long, give it strength. Next, it is extraordinarily soft. It is these factors which have made it possible for the modern industrial technician to adapt the winter garment of the humble Tibetan goat to human needs.

The present danger of the corner of raw materials is one that affects the American market equally with ourselves.

The Japanese manœuvre, unfortunately, cannot be circumvented by raising the cashmere goats elsewhere. For the cashmere goat, as all past experiments have proved, firmly declines to thrive in the pleasant places of the earth. Its natural habitat is the bleak and rocky plateau that lies north of the ramparts of the Himalayas. The animal will neither breed nor produce its unique fleeces in any other clime.

G. Godwin

WHEN SUCHOW FELL

The Entry of the Japanese Troops and How it Brought to a Close Another Vital Phase in the Chinese Campaign

THEIR GOAL REACHED: Japanese troops passing through one of the gates of Suchow after capturing this strategic city of Central China and thereby making possible the linking of the Japanese-controlled governments of Nanking and Peiping. It was only after the bitterest fighting they achieved success, and the loss of life on both sides was enormous

WHERE THE GENERALISSIMO DUG IN: Japanese officers and press correspondents inspecting the bomb-proof shelter, built of steel-reinforced concrete, where General Chiang Kai-shek carried on the work of government in Nanking before being compelled to evacuate that city. The dug-out covers about 700 sq. ft. and has electric light and running water

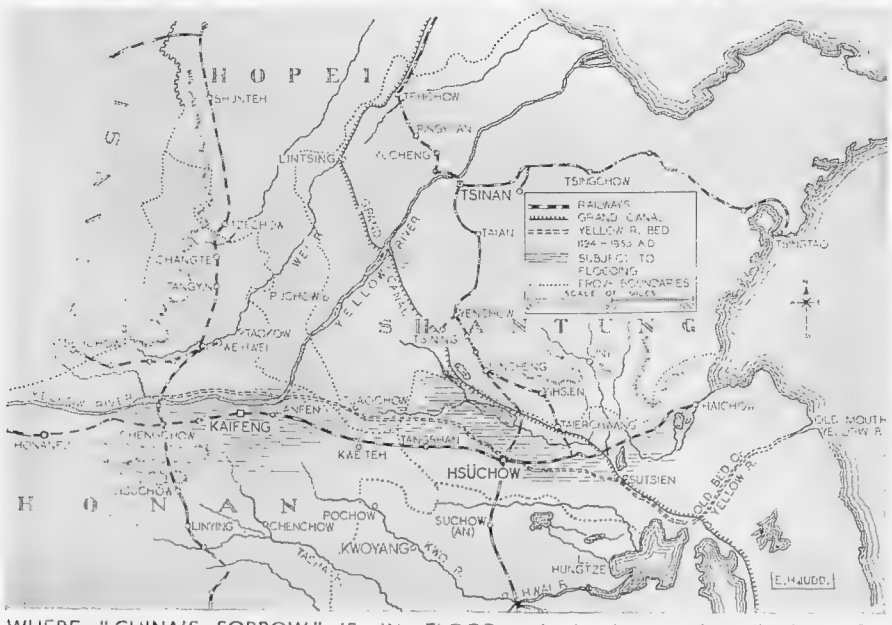
CONQUERORS MEET: General Terauchi (left), Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in North China, and General Hata (right), Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in Central China, drinking a cup of rice wine to mark their meeting in Suchow after that city had fallen

JAPAN CALLS ON AMERICAN INDUSTRY: These cars were only two of the 2,500, all of United States origin, used by the Japanese for hauling men and supplies during the big battle for Suchow. In contrast to Japan's bulk purchases from the U.S., the latter country, exercising a nation-wide boycott, is buying as little as possible from Japan

AFTER BATTLE: The ruins of the South Station at Taierchwang following the struggle which lasted thirteen days, involved the destruction of about four thousand homes, and ended in a dramatic Chinese victory. Although this triumph was short-lived in effect, its influence on Chinese morale has been great, while at the same time Japan learnt a lesson she will not soon forget. *On left*—The Lunghai railway cut by a Japanese bomb during the fighting preceding the capture of this line

WHERE JAPAN IS WAGING WAR AGAINST MAN AND THE ELEMENTS: Japanese engineers equipped with scoops, which they use to deepen the waterways for traffic in the Kaifeng-Suchow region. Their campaign there has suddenly undergone a swift change, as a big break has occurred in the Yellow River and the land has become flooded far and wide, holding up their advance against Chengchow and, it is believed, drowning very large numbers of their men

HAVOC AMONG THE CROPS: Japanese tr and, in so doing, adding to the plight of th the land. A picture taken on the plains of N where the floods have now intervened re



WHERE "CHINA'S SORROW" IS IN FLOOD: A sketch map specially drawn for "The Sphere" to show the present course of the Yellow River, its former bed between the years 1194 and 1853, and the area which is now flooded and subject to flooding as a result of the destruction of the dykes near Chengchow. Each side accuses the other of destroying the dykes, and each claims to be making efforts to close the gaps, assisted by desperate farmers. The Chinese allege that in these efforts they are hampered by daily bombings, and the Japanese say they are hindered by guerrilla attacks

AFTER DARK ON THE YELLOW RIVER FRONT: *Above* and *above on left*—Japanese troops on the alert in their camp. It will be noted how they make use of the long stalks of kaoliang, a local cereal which grows rather like the sugar-cane

DURING the last 2,000 years the Yellow River (Hoang-Ho) has changed thedirection of the last 300 miles or so of its 2,700-mile journey from the snow-clad mountain ranges of Tibet no less than six times. The times which it has overflowed its banks are innumerable, while the devastation and death which this river has piled up on China's millions is immeasurable.

According to ancient Chinese

A TANK ENTERS THE WALLED CITY OF MENGCHENG: heaviest fighting of the whole campaign. The Japanese av

FIGHTING BY THE FLOODWATERS OF CHINA

ONE OF JAPAN'S UNLISTED WARSHIPS: Soldiers cruising along a waterway between Kaifeng and Suchow when attempting to find a suitable fording place for infantry. The whole face of this region has now changed with the breaking of the Yellow River dykes

troops advancing through a harvest field, their heavy boots destroying the grain f the peasant population which in happier days at least eked a livelihood from f Northern Honan where there has been such bitter fighting of recent weeks, but drender ng homeless, it is said, at least 500,000 Chinese and inundating 2,000 villages

ON TO THE NEXT TOWN: In the distance burn the ruins of Suchow, which these Japanese infantrymen are about to occupy, thus reaching another objective in their bitter campaign

A picture taken during the advance on Suchow, which involved some of the se ave until the present flooding been able to make great use of their tanks

records, before the sixth century B.C. the final course finished in the area of Tientsin, and fears have been more than once raised that it was not beyond the bounds of possibility to take that course again, in which case Tientsin's 1,000,000 population would be flooded out.

The break, and change of course, has always been in the area round about Kaifeng, or the western border of Shantung province where the river crosses the Grand Canal, while the flooded area has generally stretched eastwards to the Yellow Sea.

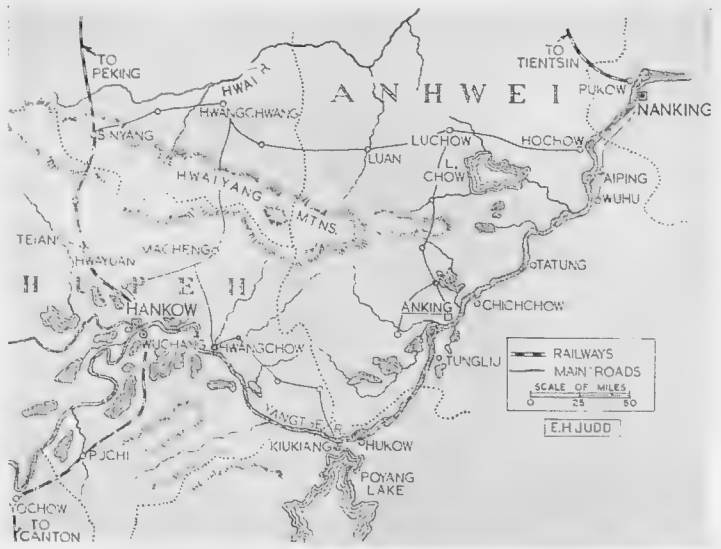
In A.D. 1071 the river broke its banks and divided into two great forks, one of which entered the Hwai River to the south-east, and the other to the north-east past Tsinan.

The Chin dynasty of the time stopped up the northern fork to bring disaster on the Hungs, making the river take only the course to the south-east, and discharge into the Yellow Sea. This course it retained more or less till about 1853 (various dates between 1852 and 1855 having been given). Tired of centuries of a downward course, the "dragon" switched over again to its former north-eastern track into the gulf of Chihli in north Shantung.

But whichever bed it chose to lie in, the summer torrents from the western mountain ranges, year after year, made the old dragon go berserk. Repeated efforts of the Chinese authorities to train the gigantic beast in the right way by dams and dykes proved more or less futile. Flood and famine still took their dreadful toll of life and property.

In recent years, however, the Shantung Government and the Yellow River Commission of China took the matter in hand. In July, 1935, a major flood caused a very big break on the western border of Shantung. Villages were obliterated, tens of thousands of the

(*Continued on page* 668)



THE YANGTSE FROM NANKING TO HANKOW: A sketch map of the river which has been causing some anxiety to the Japanese armies in the field, as it is liable to flooding in the rainy season, and particularly liable this year owing to the disrepair of the dykes as a consequence of the war. The Japanese recently captured Anking, but have discovered it is impracticable to cut across country to Hankow

HUNGARY'S REGENT: A FORCE IN EUROPE

A Pen Portrait of Admiral Horthy, Leader of the Monarchy with the Vacant Throne

A Statesman of Moderation, His Weight Thrown Unquestionably on the side of Peace

Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne, who commanded the Naval Brigade on the Danube in 1918-19, has lately returned from a visit to Hungary, a land now more than ever on the brink of world news, and in the following article gives an intimate and revealing pen portrait of her leader, Admiral Horthy.

ADMIRAL Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, is a man whose personality may have far-reaching effects on the fate of Europe in the next few years. Compared with the Dictators, his name appears but little in the European Press, yet this is not because his influence is small, but because it is used constitutionally and on the side of moderation. His general outlook is revealed by a message he once sent to his nation, "We must avoid hazards at all costs. Each of us may risk his own skin, but not that of the nation."

His rise to power was remarkable. Released from attendance as naval aide-de-camp to the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1914, he assumed command of a small cruiser, and very soon stood out as the most enterprising senior officer in the Austro-Hungarian navy. The battle of May 15, 1917, in which he commanded the Austro-Hungarian forces, made his reputation. Flying his pennant in the *Novara*, and commanding two more cruisers and a force of destroyers, he fell upon the British drifters which were netting the Straits of Otranto against submarines, and destroyed a large number of them.

Pursued by the British cruisers *Dartmouth*, *Bristol* and *Liverpool*, he effected his escape to Cattaro, but not before he had been wounded and his flagship reduced to a sad state of damage, necessitating her being towed into port. Two Italian destroyers were sunk and the *Dartmouth* was hit by a torpedo. This action, constituting an indisputable naval success for the Central Powers, made him the hero of his navy, of which he was soon given command. When, however, Austria-Hungary asked for and obtained an armistice from General Diaz on the Italian front, and Hungary, subsequently breaking away from her old-time partner, obtained a separate armistice from General Franchet D'Esperey commanding the "Army of the Orient," based on Salonika, Admiral Horthy relinquished his office.

It was at this time that I first met him, during my stay at Budapest in connection with the naval terms of the armistice. Like most naval officers I knew him already by reputation, for in pre-war days he had been notably friendly to our navy. He was in civilian clothes and told me that he had retired and that he intended to live quietly on his estate in the country, since nothing else remained for him.

Fate ruled otherwise. The Bolshevist regime in Hungary, which began in March, 1919, soon caused a counter movement aimed at saving Hungary from ruin. Admiral Horthy was chosen to raise an army in the distant town of Szeged, to overthrow Bela Kun and his Communist associates. But before this force was ready to march, Rumanian troops had occupied Budapest, enforcing a regime no more popular than that of the Bolsheviks. When in their turn the Rumanians were withdrawn towards the end of 1919, leaving Hungary, and Budapest in particular, in complete chaos, Horthy advanced with his troops and rapidly restored order and good government.

Hungary decided to re-establish her monarchy and two-Chamber government, but since the King had been dethroned by the Allies and his return was strongly opposed by Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia, all of whom had profited by Hungary's dismemberment and were determined to protect their gains, Horthy was named Regent, to hold open the office of King until such time as it might conveniently be filled.

From the first he won the admiration and respect of the Hungarian people. Starting with the reputation of a naval hero he at once proved himself a statesman, wise in counsel and firm in decision. Hungarians saw in him the saviour who had restored them to a condition of sanity and order from one of chaos and starvation. Every Hungarian breast burned with a sense of injustice, because more than half their country had been torn from them. Horthy shared their feelings, and they looked to him as the leader who alone could restore to them what they had lost.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AT THE HELM: Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, Regent of Hungary since the abortive Soviet revolution. It was after a distinguished naval career in the great war, in which he commanded the fleet and was severely wounded at the battle of Otranto Roads, that he entered the political arena as War Minister. His election to the Regency followed in 1920

Very soon, as his charm, single-mindedness and determination to avoid even the appearance of seizing the monarchy for himself impressed themselves on everyone, a deep uncritical love was added to the esteem in which they held him. In the long years that followed, Admiral Horthy furnished one proof after another of his wisdom and devotion to his country, until to-day his popularity is so great that there is hardly a man in Hungary, rich or poor, who would not follow wherever he might lead.

By

VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE

On one occasion only the Regent's actions evoked some criticism. When, early in 1922, the late Emperor Charles made his first return to Hungary, hoping to seat himself on the throne, Horthy sent to warn him that the time was not ripe. Indeed, it was far from ripe, since the Little Entente had declared that restoration meant war. When Charles persisted, the Regent suggested that he should come to Budapest, where a Conference of the Powers should be held to decide what must be done. But to this Charles would not agree, and in consequence Admiral Horthy found it necessary to prevent his approach to the capital by force. The Emperor's second bid for his throne was made in November of the same year, again without the Regent's concurrence. This time he arrived suddenly in Budapest, whereupon the Little Entente mobilised against Hungary. The Powers decided that Charles had become a danger to the peace of Europe and must be exiled. A British gunboat, the *Glowworm*, came up to Budapest, and at the Powers' demand the Regent handed him over and he was taken to Madeira. There, as is well known, he died of pneumonia.

Admiral Horthy's action in thus handing over the indisputable heir to the throne was criticised by the more ardent Royalists, some of whom maintained a grievance against him up till the recent Austro-German *anschluss*. But the vast majority of Hungarians of all parties saw that he had no alternative, recognised that the oath he had taken was to Hungary and not to any individual monarch, and that his action was in Hungary's interest, while any alternative would have plunged that unfortunate country deeper into the mire.

While the Regent has convinced everybody that he personally does not aspire to a crown, he yet maintains in the royal palace all the spacious dignity of sovereignty, reminding visitors that Hungary is a kingdom without a king. Recently I had the privilege of an audience, and am in an exceptional position to know his opinions, of which he makes no secret on certain current questions.

While the Government of Hungary is conducted by Parliament, the Regent keeps a close watch on affairs and makes many decisions. The recent change of government, in which Mr. Imredy became Prime Minister, was doubtless dictated by him to strengthen Hungary at a difficult moment following the *anschluss*. In Mr. Imredy he has given power to one of the cleverest financial heads in Europe, at a time when vision is needed lest Hungary should become the tool of Germany.

Although the *anschluss* was believed in Hungary to be inevitable, since the restoration of the Dual Monarchy was not permitted, its sudden advent was as great a surprise to the Regent as it was to the rest of Europe. To find that Hungary had suddenly acquired a German frontier in place of an Austrian one must have been disquieting, especially as that frontier is barren of natural obstacles such as large rivers or mountains. But the Regent scorns the suggestion that Germany has any intention of following the occupation of Austria by that of Hungary. It is not long since he visited the German Führer and his impression is of a sincere patriot, not at all desiring war, to whom his countrymen, shattered by despair in post-war years, look up as a saviour.

He trusts Herr Hitler and has no fear for Hungary. Yet the fact that Germany is the principal purchaser of Hungarian produce, making Hungary commercially dependent upon her, is not overlooked by him, and he created the new free port at Budapest some years ago, in the hope that it would promote international trade. Indeed, it is due to his personal initiative that there exists already a service of vessels small enough to penetrate so far up the Danube, yet large enough to carry their cargoes over the high seas, which should facilitate overseas trade. The more of this Hungary can obtain, the less will be her dependence on Germany.

CHANGING THE GUARD AT THE ROYAL PALACE, BUDAPEST: In Hungary there is no king, but the spacious dignity of sovereignty still lingers on to remind the visitor that this is a monarchy with a vacant throne

Dominant in the Regent's mind as in that of every Hungarian I have met, from the highest to the lowest, is the burning hope of a treaty revision. "A wrong cannot continue indefinitely," his Highness said to me, "sooner or later it must be put right."

Here then stands Hungary, personified by her Regent, defenceless against Germany but trusting Germany's intentions not to annex either Czech-inhabited or Hungarian territory. She can neither go with the Democratic Powers against the country which besides being her chief market could easily destroy her, nor wholeheartedly with the Central Powers against the will of Britain. Her interest is that there should be no war.

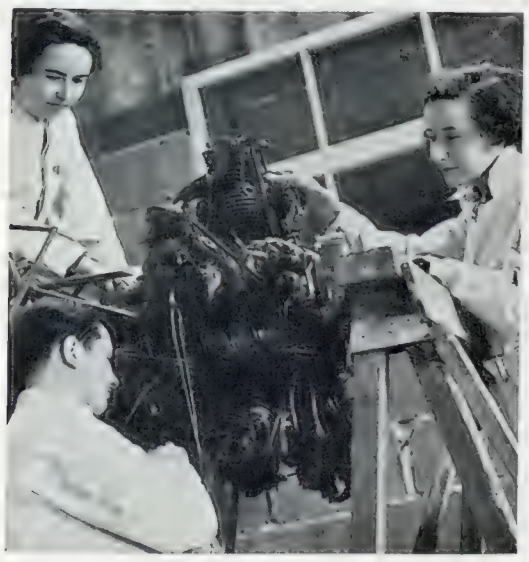
The influence of the Regent is then unquestionably one of moderation and on the side of peace. Himself the soul of honour, he believes in the integrity of others, and is content to wait till the right moment arrives for restoring to Hungary her lost people and her monarchy.

LONDON BUSINESS GIRLS PLAN TO BE PILOTS

The First "Women's Patrol" Learns the Art of Flying

STARTING UP: This London business girl, seen here learning how to swing a propeller, belongs to a group calling itself the "Women's Air Patrol" and every Sunday afternoon the girls go down to Romford Aerodrome, Essex, where they are being initiated into the mysteries of flying

ABOARD THE EMERGENCY CAR: The budding young pilots, all of whom are under twenty, with the specially-equipped motor kept at Romford Flying Club for going to the scene of accidents at the aerodrome. In the rear seat are stowed fire-extinguishers



PROBING THE MYSTERIES OF THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE: The flying girls at work on one of the motors which, as part of their training, they have to learn how to keep in trim

On right—

FUELLING: One of the many phases of ground work which have to be mastered by the pupils in the course of their training, which, they hope, will bring them their much-coveted "A" licences

"IF AMY JOHNSON CAN DO IT, WE WILL TOO" is the enthusiastic attitude of these London business girls who are determined to become expert pilots and, in so doing, form a "Women's Air Patrol," which might well have a very valuable "second line" function in time of war and in peace time certainly gives them a hobby of absorbing interest

"THIS OTHER EDEN"

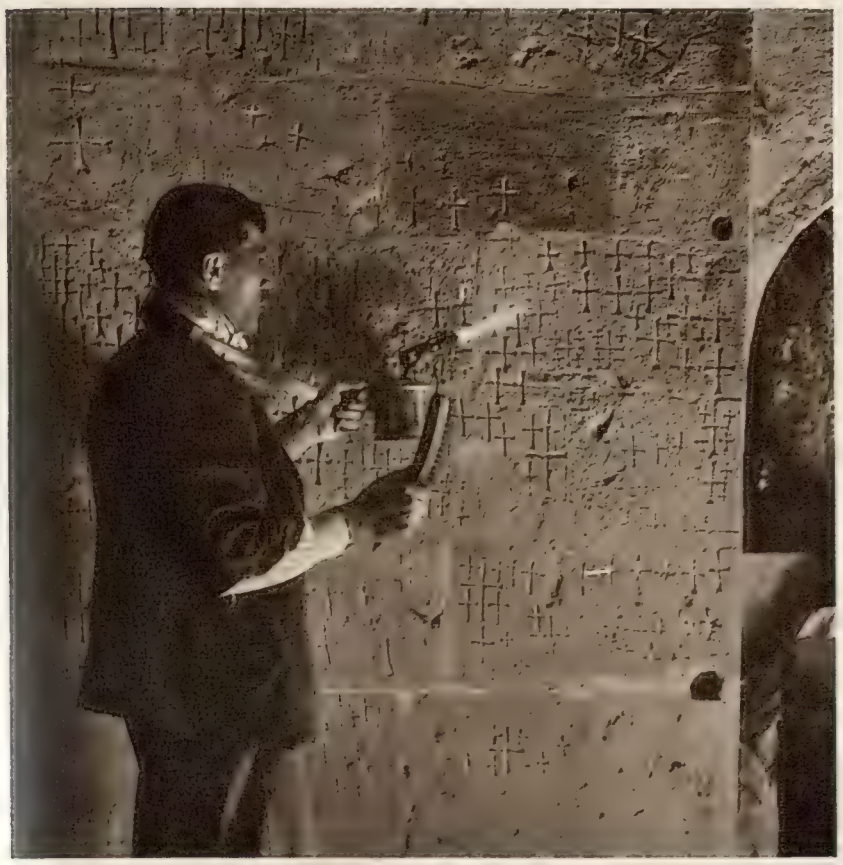
An early summer scene at a bend in the river Eden, with its delightfully wooded banks, and rising almost sheer above it stately Corby Castle, with a lion figure adorning the facade. The long-continued drought, it will be seen, has rendered this famous salmon river exceptionally low, many of the rocks, normally in deep water, now jutting well above the surface

A HAUNT OF THE HERON

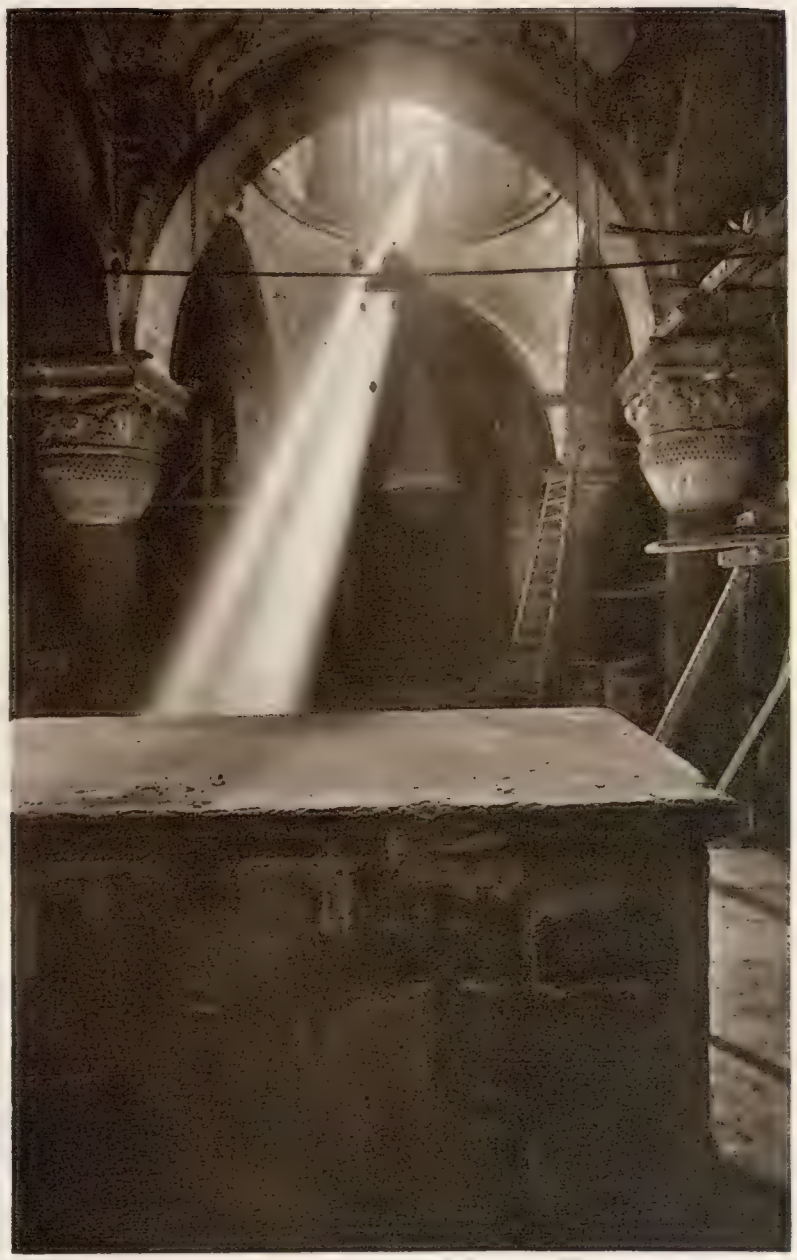
A heron in flight at the Heronry, Buscot Park, Berkshire, on the estate of Lord Faringdon, where these graceful birds are to be seen in large numbers. They are shy and solitary by nature, going about singly for most of the year, but at nesting-time they group their nests together high up in the trees

DISCOVERY OF A TWELFTH-CENTURY CRUSADER ALTAR

A Remarkable Find at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem



WITH BLOW-LAMP AND WIRE BRUSH a workman clears away the plaster covering a wall in St. Helena's Chapel at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, and reveals a host of memorial crosses. The wall is directly behind the altar (*on right*), which has in modern times been covered with a thick coating of plaster overlaid with wood, but has now been stripped and revealed as an authentic relic of Crusading days. It is built of limestone and has a marble top



REVEALED IN ITS ORIGINAL ASPECT: A view showing the newly-identified twelfth-century Crusader altar and the curved recess behind it, both stripped of their coatings of plaster and with the memorial crosses engraved on them laid open to view. The archway on the right, with three lamps suspended within, marks the spot, always pointed out to the pilgrim, where the devout Queen Helena is said to have sat during the search for the True Cross in the cave below

FRANCE and "THE SEASON

Roman Catholic Youth, Clad in Spotless White, Troops

A LAST LOOK THROUGH THE CATECHISM: The young neophyte, clad in spotless white muslin, has a last reading before going to church to receive her first communion. In France this is the season of the first communions, and all over the country girls and boys have for many weeks past been preparing for this important event in their religious lives

ON THE DAY OF DAYS mother examines her daughter in the catechism as she is about to leave for the church to make her first communion. High and low alike mark the event with celebrations, making it an occasion to remember

"CLOTHED IN WHITE SAMITE, MYSTIC, WONDERFUL": A mother arrays her daughter for the first communion. *On right*—Mother smiles proudly on her child as they leave the Church of the Sacred Heart, that famed shrine upon the heights of Montmartre. After this comes the family luncheon, for which the relatives invariably forgather in force, often coming from distant parts of the country to pay their respects and share in the celebrations

of the FIRST COMMUNIONS"

to Church: Families Celebrate in Traditional Fashion

BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR: The boys in their stiff white collars and the girls in their white dresses and veils, watched by parents from the aisles and transepts, are admitted to the Catholic Church as communicants

ON THE HEIGHTS OF MONTMARTRE; Young communicants leaving the Church of the Sacred Heart after attending the service with their parents

THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION: *Above and on right*—At the family gathering following the service, the daughter of the house is made a great fuss of by her elders

"*Although the France of to-day is, officially, not a Catholic country at all, and is, in fact, only partly Catholic and very largely non-religious and openly so, there remains enough of the Catholic tradition to make the season of the First Communions a characteristic expression of the French spirit,*" *wrote the Paris correspondent of the* Observer *in a recent issue.* "*That season is with us now. Little girls in long white muslin dresses and veils, and with wreaths on their heads, little boys in white trousers, with fringed white brassards on the arm, or in white sailor suits, are to be seen in the streets having a walk with their parents after the family luncheon which has followed the ceremony. It is a great affair in all classes is that family luncheon, which becomes a real family gathering, with relatives from distant parts of the country. A hard and close-fisted peasant will lay out considerable sums in making an imposing spread; and there are women in the villages who make a good living out of cooking at these functions at which they are always invited to sit down and help eat the meal just as there are pastry cooks in the small towns who grow rich upon the determination of their customers that this occasion shall be a display. In professional classes the First Communion lunch is sometimes held at a restaurant; and last Sunday in a country town I happened to drop into the dining-room of the principal hotel and come upon no fewer than five simultaneous meals of this kind, with the child at each as the proud, but rather hysterical hero or heroine of the occasion—hysterical, not only through having until then had nothing to eat that day, but as the result of the severe moral and spiritual preparation of the past weeks.*"

PORTRAITURE OF CIVIL WAR DAYS: *Above*—Gerbier's portrait of Susan, wife of the 1st Earl of Denbigh, faithful adherent of Charles I. Her daughter Mary married James, 1st Duke of Hamilton, whose portrait (*on right*) is the work of Vandyck. Both canvases belong to the group of 17th-century paintings included in the sale of pictures from Newnham Paddox, Rugby, by order of the executor of the late Viscount Feilding. The auction is at Christie's on July 1

TREASURES OF NEWNHAM PADDOX

A Fine Collection of Historical Portraits to be Auctioned in London

YET another family collection of historical portraits and pictures is coming to the sale rooms of Messrs. Christie on July 1, when the famous collection so long housed in Newnham Paddox in Warwickshire will be sold. The Feilding family have owned Newnham Paddox for several centuries and during that time have enriched it by the works of great masters. During the civil war, Sir William Feilding (who was made the 1st Earl of Denbigh) supported Charles I, though his son, Basil, adhered to the Parliament, and actually fought against his father at Edgehill. Sir William was killed early in the conflict, when attacking Birmingham under Prince Rupert, in 1643.

The royalist sympathies are shown in the many Stuart portraits at Newnham Paddox. "Charles I" and his Queen, "Henrietta Maria," by Vandyck (which were seen at Burlington House in 1900); "James I" by Van Somer; the "Queen of Bohemia," the much-loved daughter of King James; "Prince Rupert" by Verelst; and "Queen Anne." There are also some of the early royal personages —"Anne Boleyn," "Catharine Parr" (attributed to Holbein) and "Edward VI" by Streetes.

Vandyck, who during his residence in England was busily employed painting the nobility and gentry, received many commissions from Sir William Feilding. There are no less than seven portraits by Vandyck to be sold on July 1. One of them depicts Sir William, the 1st Earl of Denbigh, wearing a rather curious loose smock-like coat of red striped material. He is holding a gun, standing out in the open country, while an Indian turbaned page, under a tall palm tree, appears to be beckoning to him.

There are also two charming full-length portraits from Vandyck's brush, one of Lady Mary Feilding, daughter of the 1st Earl, a stately personage, in bluish-green dress, cut low, with wide lace, and large pearl earrings; and the other of Mary, Duchess of Richmond, the Earl's niece, whose flowing dress, lacking the fine lace collar so characteristic of Vandyck, is reminiscent of the Lely Beauties of Hampton Court. She is taking a pair of gloves, held out to her on a salver by her dwarf. This Duchess of Richmond was the only daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was connected with the Feilding family, through his sister's marriage to Sir William Feilding. There are two portraits of this sister, Susan, in the sale, one by Balthasar Gerbier, a Flemish painter, and agent for King Charles I at the Court of Antwerp, and the other by D. Mytens, a Dutch painter who lived for several years in England, being made "King's painter" by Charles I. In both portraits the lady is wearing a ruff and has goffered lace cuffs, but the Gerbier portrait has a high straight waistline and is more Dutchlike than the one by Mytens, where the bodice is longer and brought to a point over a full skirt.

The story of the romantic rise to fortune of the Villiers family is recalled by the portrait of the mother of Susan and George Villiers. She was Mary Beaumont, a poor relation of the Villiers family, holding a lowly domestic position in the kitchen of Sir George Villiers at Brooksby in Leicestershire. It is said that Sir George thought her too good looking for such a post and persuaded his wife to advance her to being lady's maid. It is obvious that Sir George's feelings became considerably warmer than mere kindliness, for on the death of his wife he married her, and she became the mother of the future Duke of Buckingham. It was through her efforts that her son was brought to the notice of King James when the King was paying a visit to Leicestershire. In spite of the shabby clothes of young George—the family being impoverished—the King was attracted by his good looks, and took him to Court, where he became the well-known "Steenie" of history.

Of the eighteenth-century pictures in the collection the most important is the fine portrait by Gainsborough of Thomas Pennant, the antiquary and traveller, whose tours in England, Scotland, and Wales are well known. B. H.

"MARY, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND": A detail of Vandyck's portrait of the only daughter of George, 1st Duke of Buckingham. One of many 17th-century masterpieces in the sale

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1844: William Bradley's portrait of Mary, wife of the 7th Earl of Denbigh, with Ladies Augusta and Jane and the Hon. Charles Feilding. One of the more modern pictures in the sale of the Feilding heirlooms. *On left*—Vandyck's portrait of Lady Mary Feilding, daughter of William, 1st Earl of Denbigh, who married in 1620 James, 1st Duke of Hamilton

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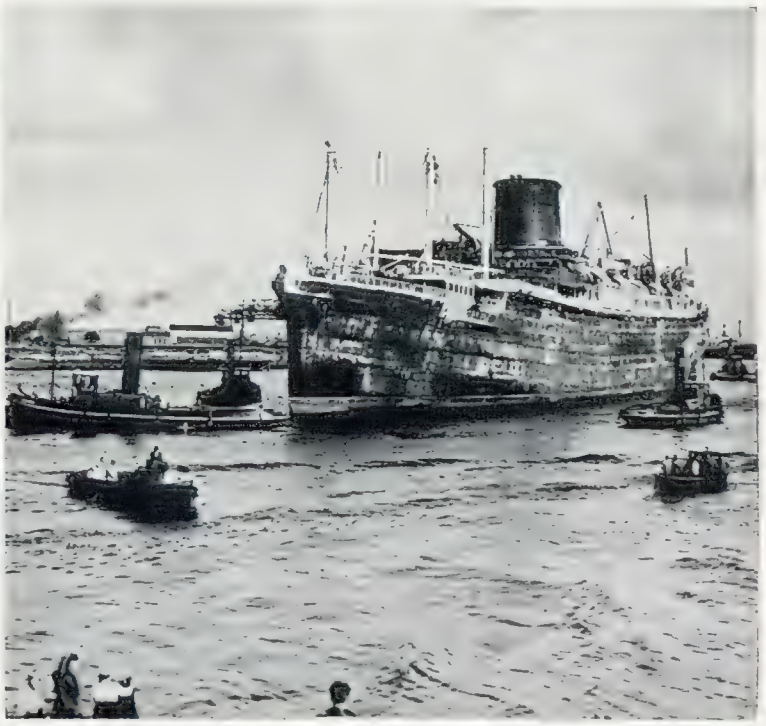
SEA, ROAD, AND RAIL

Items of Moment in the Realm of Transport: Launch of the "Durban Castle": Last of the "Lafayette"

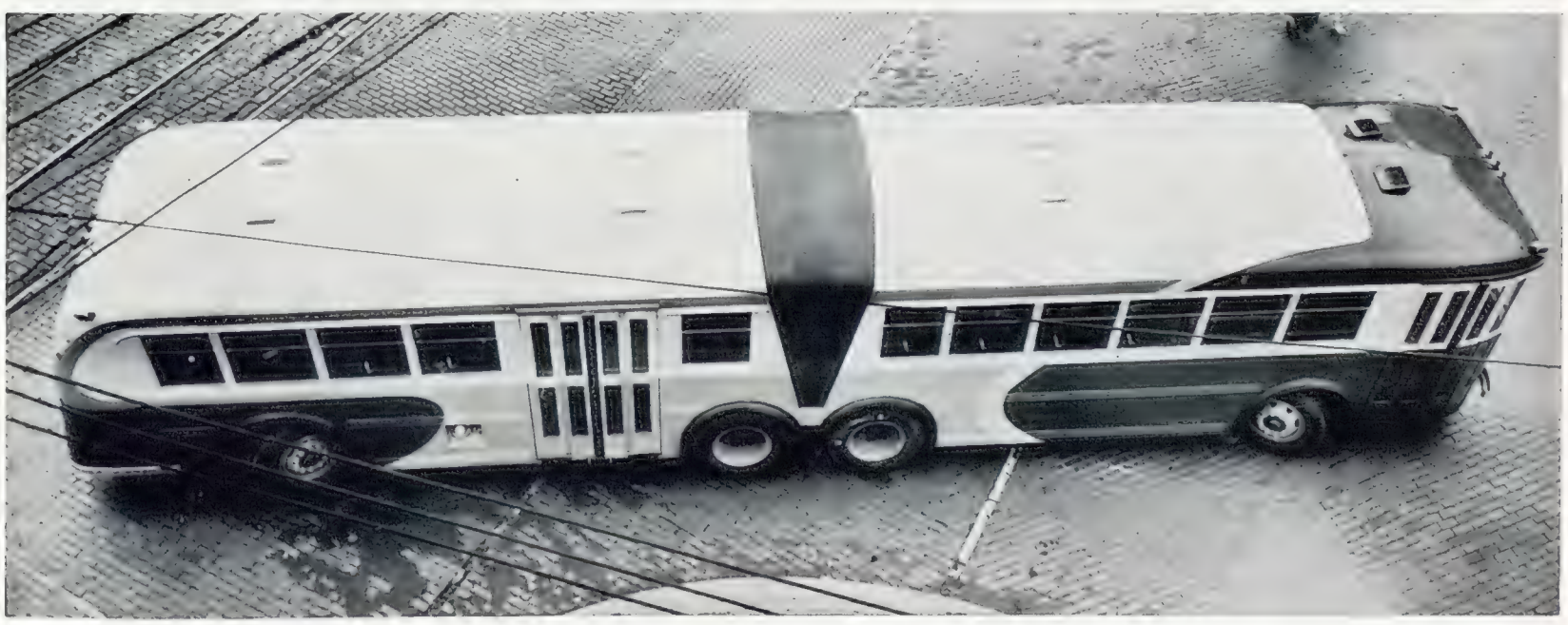
ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE UNION-CASTLE FLEET: The 17,000-ton motor vessel *Durban Castle* gliding into the water as she was launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard after being named by Lady Clark, wife of Sir William Clark, High Commissioner in South Africa for H.M. Government. The new liner will run in the intermediate service; that is to say, not in conjunction with the big mail steamers

A MUSEUM PIECE COMES TO LIFE: Removing from York Railway Museum the sixty-eight-year-old engine *Patrick Stirling* which is now to be overhauled and given the honour of drawing the *Flying Scotsman* on a test run



LAST VOYAGE OF THE "LAFAYETTE": The charred hulk of the French luxury liner, which was burnt out in her home port a short while ago and afterwards declared a total loss, being towed into Rotterdam harbour, where she is to be broken up for scrap by the Dutch firm that has acquired her

A MIGHTY PROPELLER FOR THE "MAURETANIA": This vast unit, weighing 25 tons and built by the Manganese Bronze Company, was transported last week from Millwall, where it was made, to Birkenhead, where it will be fitted to the 30,000-ton Atlantic liner now in course of construction. The journey was carried out entirely by road



SOMETHING NEW IN BUSES: This 12-ton super twin coach has been built experimentally at Kent, Ohio, and is designed to operate by diesel engine or electricity without the use of tracks, and is essentially for urban transport. It has seating room for fifty-eight passengers on a single deck, and sufficient standing room for about the same number. The four axles and eight wheels are so arranged that there is no undue outward swing when corners are being negotiated

"IF YOU CARE FOR ME" is the title of one of Phyllis Stanley's song hits in Cochran's show, *Happy Returns*, which was first presented a month ago at the Adelphi and well maintains the standard of sophistication and humour of his previous reviews. Miss Stanley, who played the title role in *Victoria Regina*, here proves her versatility and in "Down and Out Blues" assists Messrs. Flanagan and Allen in some admirable fooling

DRAMA AND

AFTER a fortnight of Mozart in the mud the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park has turned to Shakespeare and the weather has (as I write) taken a turn for the better. The penultimate performance on the mighty sward of *The Marriage of Figaro* I saw, as a matter of fact, on a comparatively fine afternoon when the mud had vanished, though the skies were grey. I thought it in every way admirable, and I trust that Mr. Sydney Carroll, who is to be congratulated on his operatic courage, will not let this be his last as well as his first venture in that direction.

The necessary mechanical appliances—amplifiers and so forth—worked well on the whole, even if occasionally a bar or two seemed to be barked from "some immemorial elm," and the singing (particularly that of Mr. Dennis Noble and Miss Adelaide Stanley) and the orchestra (under the direction of that devout Mozart-lover, Mr. Ernest Irving) were first-rate. Grand opera always carries with it conventions which have to be swallowed somehow, and the sight of the chorus, about 4.30 in the afternoon and in broad daylight, looking for something or somebody with lighted lanterns in their hands meant a biggish gulp. And so did the aeroplanes. Aeroplanes seem to hate the Open Air Theatre and to make a point of whirring and zooming above its stage whenever one is supposed to be centuries back in the picturesque past. I suppose if Mr. Carroll were to produce a modern play they would be careful to keep away.

And so to Shakespeare. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is more suited, of course, to alfresco performance than almost any other play, and the Regent's Park production, now familiar, is worthy of the lovely surroundings. Mr. Robert Atkins is again the producer, and all is well. There are interesting changes of cast. Miss Pamela Stanley steps easily into the role of Puck after her big success as that not very Puck-like figure, Queen Victoria. Miss Oriel Ross's Helena is beauteous to look upon, and also shows signs of intelligence, which is one up to Miss Ross, since both Helena and Hermia are not far removed from nit-wittery.

It now being the fashion for the music-halls to supply clowns for Shakespeare, Mr. Jock McKay has followed the example of Mr. Jay Laurier at the Old Vic and elsewhere, and is this year's Bottom. Mr. McKay has the right style, and is as funny as Shakespeare allows him to be. A good deal of sympathy is due to our variety comedians, who thus are expected to make bricks out of such painfully unfunny straw as Flute, Snug, Snout, Old Gobbo, Young Gobbo, and others who used to split the sides of Elizabethan playgoers. Or did they?

"Trumpeter, Play." — The trouble about being strictly impartial in a play whose theme is innately controversial is that things are apt just to cancel out. This did not happen in Miss Vera Sullivan's *Trumpeter, Play*, at the Garrick, for the author has other qualities besides political ideas, among them a considerable knowledge of stagecraft. But it very nearly did. So scrupulously does she hold the balance between two great European nations which might at any moment be going to war with each other, that one is tempted to throw

OFF THE RECORD! Ralph Richardson has his hat sprayed with water before going on the set in a scene in which he is supposed to come indoors after a heavy rainstorm. A picture taken at Denham Studios as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's British unit got going on the film version of A. J. Cronin's best-selling novel *The Citadel*. Robert Donat plays the part of the young doctor, who gravitates from a Welsh mining valley to a London practice, and Richardson the role of his disillusioned, hard-drinking friend

TWO PAIRS OF STAR-CROSSED LOVERS: Lysander (Peter Neil), Hermia (Margaret Dulac), Helena (Oriel Ross), and Demetrius (Ballard Berkeley), in the Open Air Theatre

FILMS OF THE WEEK

"The Dream" Follows Mozart in the Mud at the Open Air Theatre: "Trumpeter, Play" and its Controversial Theme: Where Ivor Novello Runs a Dead-heat with Noel Coward

BY PHILIP PAGE

THE SINGING ELECTRICIAN AND HIS TYPIST FIANCEE: Maurice Chevalier and Josette Day making a first-rate starring couple in *L'Homme du Jour*, their new film, which was given its London premiere at the Berkeley Cinema, Mayfair, on June 22

in one's hand with that expressive American interrogatory—"So what?"

The nations are England and Germany. We are led to believe, in case we did not already know it, that each nation has good qualities and bad qualities, alike in plenty. A pleasant English family and an equally pleasant German family are connected by marriage, an English girl having a German husband. War seems probable, so the wife has to make a hurried journey while in a delicate state of health so that her child may be born on German soil. Which is to be saved (since, it seems, one of the two must die)—the wholly English mother or the semi-German baby? That is the problem, which, though serious, is not as dramatically effective here as it might be.

Before the play is over, Miss Sullivan leads us to suppose that the martial spirit in Germany is so strong that nothing can possibly quench it. Should this make the audience suspect that she is violently anti-German after all, there remains to be set against it the speech of the English Colonel who, in a frightfully decent and well-bred way, criticises his own country very unfavourably. Yet we cannot be so very bad, because Count von Ahlenfeld (brilliantly played by Mr. Leon M. Lion) had some awfully nice things to say about us and was not in the least spiteful though in the great war a British bullet blinded him. I have seldom known a play so ostentatiously fair-minded. The result is an episode in which there is plenty of human interest and no little excitement, but which has no decisive conclusion, neither side being either vanquished or victorious. Which may conceivably be a correct definition of any twentieth-century war.

Interest, therefore, is in the character drawing and the acting. If Miss Sullivan has dodged a real controversy she has drawn some real people, acted with insight and skill by, notably, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Mr. Malcolm Keen, and Miss Agnes Lauchlan.

On left—
ENTRACTE IN REGENT'S PARK: Members of the cast of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* resting between scenes at the Open Air Theatre where the season is now in full swing and the company has very fortunately had the benefit of the best of weather for their alfresco show

production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Undoubtedly no other play is better suited to open-air presentation, and it is a firm favourite among Regent's Park audiences

"Marriage."—London knows Gogol mainly, if not solely, by his *The Government Inspector*; and I do not doubt that many Londoners who saw that play at the Duke of York's some years ago have forgotten it. So London can hardly be called Gogol-minded. His "utterly incredible incident," *Marriage*, is now at the Westminster, and may be regarded as a sort of pre-revolution Russian equivalent of such modern farces as *George and Margaret*.

No less a person than Bernard Shaw saw immense fun in the pursuit of the male by the female (and so did Gilbert) and with that goes the whole paraphernalia of match-making. Considering its age, *Marriage* is an amusing piece, and it has, also, many intrinsic funniments. It needs careful handling, and it gets it from Miss Isobel Scaife as a comic prospective bride surrounded by suitors who are organised by a match-maker; from Mr. Cecil Tronneau as that match-maker; and, above all, from Mr. Waldo Wright as the resolute old bachelor who flees from the wrath to come, the person of the woman singled out to be his partner. If the flavour of the piece is somewhat ingenuous, the period must be held responsible.

A GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVIVAL: Members of the cast pictured as they waited their turn to go on at a rehearsal of *The Sorcerer*—one of the least known of the operas—which is now being presented at the Scala, London. *The Sorcerer* contains some of Sullivan's most catchy tunes, and it is rather surprising it is so rarely heard

"Comedienne"—The Haymarket is a very stage-conscious thoroughfare just now. Mr. Noel Coward loves the theatre, knows all about it and also writes plays about it, *Operette* at His Majesty's being the latest, but not the best, of the bunch. Mr. Ivor Novello runs a dead-heat with Mr. Coward in theatrical knowledge and enthusiasm and his *Comedienne* at the Haymarket opposite is the result. It has obviously been written *con amore*, and occasionally (Mr. Novello being a musician and a good one) *molto con spirito*.

Now there is some sort of legend that plays about players and back-stage "shop" generally succeed but rarely. That may be so. But the ones which have failed have failed not because of their subject matter but because they have been poor plays in themselves. I grant that the first-night audience took up more points in *Comedienne* than subsequent audiences are likely to, which has nothing whatever to do with intelligence or the lack of it. Actors, actresses, dramatists, critics, agents, and humbler camp-followers of the theatre, inevitably appreciated more fully the witty but kindly caricature of a Great Lady of the Stage, drawn by the author and so brilliantly interpreted by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who has the play almost entirely to herself. She is lured from retirement, has a piece written and produced for her, and fails in it—and that is that. The non-"shop" episodes are efficient, for Mr. Novello in his least interesting moments is always efficient, but subordinate almost to vanishing point.

None the less, *Comedienne* is so human and so amusing that it should appeal strongly even to those who do not know the difference between a batten and a stick of grease paint.

A Page for Women

LONDON'S SUMMER

Brings out Pastel Colours, Riotous Prints and Gay, Romantic Hats both Large and Small

HERE we are, right in the midst of it, this summer when charm means everything and all women look lovely. The long, hot days are here, and the cool evenings, and they are bringing out flower-like dresses, all-conquering hats, and a new general tendency in make-up that is as innocent and fresh as a May morning.

Of the pastel shades, leaf green, hyacinth blue, and faded pinks lead, with a smattering of sweet-pea mauves and deep creamy beiges. So far as prints are concerned there are two schools of thought. Those that prefer them small and neat and strictly disciplined. And the others who like flower prints as luxurious as a herbaceous border or as richly exuberant as a tropical scene. You just take your choice. In the first instance you would wear a matching coat, probably with bright pipings. And in the latter, a matching bolero with dark insets, a plain redingote with a printed lining, a swing jacket with a dark lining, or perhaps a broad-shouldered cape, faced with print.

Heavy guipure lace is the loveliest thing for garden party frocks, with broderie Anglaise, embroidered muslins or sprigged organdies for the very young. Boleros hide the fact that afterwards they will go a-dancing. Or if you want to be completely up to the minute wear net, but have your dress made short, and let it be as strictly tailored as your most immaculate suit.

For days that are cool choose the suit pictured on the right. Made in a light-weight duvetyn, parchment coloured, the jacket is trimmed with appliquéd panels, while the straight sac coat is embellished with natural blue fox and has shoulders ingeniously widened where the yoke and sleeves meet. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street. The hat and scarf provide a vivid colour note

Black for a town dress that will always look cool even on the hottest day, printed with vivid red, yellow and green flowers. The bodice fullness is drawn into a high waistline and the separate black skirt, made in heavy marocain, has rows of piping at the waist and two red flowers at the front. It comes from the Model Gown Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W.

The days are gone when the small woman was expected never to look anything but "sweet," and Debenham and Freebody, in their Small Women's Department, have a wonderful collection of distinguished frocks for all occasions. The dress below is patterned in clear, bright shades on a white ground, with a panelled design in prune colour, and this shade is used for the short, loose coat with printed sleeves

What They Wore AT ASCOT

WITH A BUTTERFLY BOW

RETURN OF THE OSTRICH

IN GIPSY VEILING

Three striking hat fashions seen at Ascot, that in the centre *being worn by actress Iris March. The butterfly bow, adorning the veil on* left, *is much in vogue*

COOLIE STYLE

ANGEL-WING HALO

HOOP-LA SKIRT

Three rather widely-differing styles that caught the attention in paddock and grand-stand. Miss Sheila Rochford's coolie straw was adorned with mimosa

THE NEST IN THE IVY: A blackbird and its offspring

MOUTHS TO FEED

Our Bird Life in High Summer

BEFORE us now is set the central scene of the ever circling pageant of the year, in a glorious medley of gold and blue and emerald—a wealth of verdure beneath the sunshine and the rich skies of the month of June. It would seem as though she were belated in her coming; but she is indeed here at last, and hastening lightfooted through the flowering countryside—bidding the buds and blossoms to unfold and to take each its appointed place in the lovely scheme of the long summer days. And therefore here the rosy campion stands—beside the grassy bank; where the tall hemlock, too, is growing apace, in a mist of snowy lace-work. While across the wide stretches of the meadows an army of burnished buttercups reflect the lustre of the sunbeams as these play upon them.

And in addition to this store of plant life, June also possesses her own especial attribute—her most highly prized asset—in the vast multitude of bird-land children who have arrived to fill the countryside with the joy of their fresh young presence.

Beyond the bright expanses of the meadow there lie the shadowy precincts of the woodlands; and here, for the bird folk, the hours are filled with an unceasing activity. For many of the children have by now left their nests. And therefore voices of every calibre may be heard on every side, where harassed elders are admonishing, or encouraging, or calling to their offspring.

Thus, presently there sounds in the distance a subdued murmur, becoming louder by degrees, as leisurely there drifts into the shelter of a silver birch tree a small azure cloud, which gradually resolves itself into an enchanting little company of blue-tits. These are all members of the self-same family, and when the babies are all arranged according to their parents' wishes, the important business of meal is then commenced. This is a really serious affair, for it is now dinner-time and there are no less than nine empty beaks to fill. And so father and mother hurry to and fro, clinging upside down to the swaying twigs, and pluck therefrom the desired food. This, then, be it insect or caterpillar, is thrust into the open bill of the expectant child. And when the good and plentiful meal is finished at last—for the parents have worked untiringly—and hunger is temporarily satisfied, then a renewed murmur arises. And the minute blue cloud floats onwards once more, upon a voyage of discovery further into the depths of the woodlands.

No sooner have these departed than a ripple of sweet music resounds close at hand, as the willow warbler makes known his whereabouts. His slight form can scarce be seen within the leafy wilderness of the greenery. He is perched upon a high-placed branch, and he is gazing, full of pride, where, below him, he can see his wife and family flitting in and out among the thick leaves of the oak tree. The warbler children are charming to behold, they are so soft and delicate in their pale colouring. They have but lately emerged from the recesses of their nursery, but already their tiny wings are growing strong and their vitality is overflowing. And quaintly they are trying to emulate the movements of their mother as she passes with the airy grace of her kind from one leafy point to another. She is in search of insect food about the tree, such as will be suitable to their needs. Their small voices are touched with a certain huskiness as the youthful creatures converse among themselves, and it will be yet awhile before they can aspire to the purity of their elders' notes.

However, there are far stranger sounds than those emitted by the infant warblers proceeding at this moment from the depths of the thicket. For here have three baby blackbirds been placed by their parents, and they are engaged in giving curious and indescribable spluttering croaks of excitement as they perceive the near approach of three juicy worms—one for each of them. And in this way are these tasty morsels justly apportioned by the mother bird by whom they have been brought.

When she has fed the party and thrown a glance around to assure herself that all is well, she takes her departure once more, and they hop placidly back on to their former perch—upon a comfortably protected twig.

(*Continued on page* 676)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MACDONELL CREATES A MONSTER CAD

A Savage Satire on the England of the Privileged Classes

By VERNON FANE

IT seems that Mr. A. G. Macdonell is at his happiest when having a go at somebody. What fun he had laying about him in *England Their England*, and how the English loved it, rushing it into a best-seller in their tens of thousands. I hope there are enough cads about to do the same thing for AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAD (Macmillan. 7s. 6d).

There may be, but I prefer to believe that Mr. Fox-Ingleby is unique; and besides, it is only Mr. Macdonell who calls him a cad, a word which Fox-Ingleby would certainly not recognise as applied to him. Indeed, it is a great pity that these memoirs ever fell into Mr. Macdonell's hands and that the touch of the Western Brothers should have been used to efface the real title, which surely was something like *My Life and Work*.

Edward Percival Fox-Ingleby is as tough a snob as ever crawled into *Who's Who*, a shameless liar, a bilker of mistresses, a dodger of every column during the war, a betrayer of friendships, a place-hunter in politics, a wilful destroyer of an inherited estate, which he exploits and jerry-builds, a user of the most despicable form of graft in amassing a fortune in America, and a pachydermatous boaster into the bargain. Nothing shakes his self-complacency; there is nothing he cannot justify on the score of breeding and privilege. And, of course, he gets away with it.

Now this, as you will see, is savage satire, and none can deny that Mr. Macdonell has a formidable armoury in pursuit of such a quarry. It is brilliant; it is bitter; it is devastating; sometimes it is even monotonous, for there is no feature left for the redemption of Fox-Ingleby into the semblance of a human being.

Perhaps it is better to be amused, as indeed we can easily be, for Mr. Macdonell is nothing if not a humorist. For if we fall to thinking about this monster we somehow arrive at the above conclusion: of course he gets away with it. *Of course.* It is a grim thought that all around us are those who have done a Fox-Ingleby in their time and go blandly on receiving the respect due to decent men. The satire, I suspect, is as much directed at us, but that needn't prevent us talking this book into wide circulation among our friends.

One can enjoy a tale of long ago provided the novel is as good as Mr. Evan John's CRIPPLED SPLENDOUR (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.) and not be bothered too much by the aching memories of an historical tripos. For such who are closer to the eternal debate the author addresses a "postscript for pedants" and to carp against that would be curmudgeonly.

There are also those who profess and call themselves readers who declare that they do not like historical novels. To one such I was recommending this very book, only coldly to be douched by that declared prejudice. How then, I was able to retort, were you able to digest, and with so much gusto, slabs of the American civil war dished up in the name of fiction? That, I was told, was different, and besides, it was a great novel.

Well, I suppose I dislike the mannered historical novel—and you know the kind I mean—as much as the next man, and so, I will wager, does the author of *Crippled Splendour*. His subject is that most outstanding of all kings in these islands, James I of Scotland, a renaissance prince, scholar, poet and musician, wise and chivalrous, and therefore doomed eventually to succumb to the dark and ignorant forces he was born to rule.

Taken prisoner as a child and growing to the age of twenty-nine before he succeeded to a desolated and anarchic kingdom, James, the third of the Stewart line, by the sheer strength of intelligence wrought miracles of recovery in his country and lifted his people from the barbarism into which they had lapsed for five terrible generations to a semblance of the civilisation then flourishing in Europe. For twelve years he laboured until he came to the end of wise and gentle princes and was trapped and murdered in horrible circumstances.

This novel belies its title, for it has a noble splendour. The character of James is a rich study of heredity and conflicting environment, of a dreamer forced to deal with brutal realities, of a poet forced to treat with those whose only understood language was that of force and treachery, of a ruler who sought to quell savagery with wisdom. Above all, he is magnificently a creature of flesh and blood; a very human being whose story moves swiftly and through a mass of detail, every scene of which is in satisfying perspective.

When I say that NYA (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is the work of a very young man I mean it in no derogatory sense. There are things in this story of adolescent love which surely have been caught still vibrant in the memory. Had they not this stamp of verisimilitude those things might so easily have shattered that delicate thread of credibility upon which the story depends.

For Nya, the heroine, is only thirteen. She has been born and brought up in Nyasaland, and on the death of her mother is sent to England for schooling. Emotionally she is developed far beyond her age, having enjoyed the free companionship of exceptional parents.

School, and the restrictions imposed upon her by life in the middle-class household of her otherwise excellent aunt and uncle, are a bewildering and irksome experience. Then she meets Simon, with whom she falls desperately in love. Simon has a little yacht in which he takes her sailing. Simon has had his troubles too and, until he met Nya, had been content to seek consolation in his passion for sailing.

But Simon is twenty-six and (and here is the story's strain) in a while he finds himself in love with the child. Nor is it of the protective or avuncular kind. Mr. Stephen Haggard not only makes it real but entirely credible.

The tragedy, of course, is that such love can find no consummation for years, and the author, who is no stranger to the stage, must have realised the difficulties of a satisfactory curtain. The traps are obvious: one touch of sentimentality, the slightest deviation from the purity and intensity of this love from either side, would have spelt ruin. Nor is there any attempt to present the inevitable interference by grown-ups as anything but a normal process.

If this is a first novel, Mr. Stephen Haggard is to be congratulated upon a remarkable feat in handling a tremendously difficult and dangerous theme, and handling it exquisitely and triumphantly.

The early years of the nineteenth century are rich in the personalia of the great, and history has been plentifully annotated by the published letters, diaries and memoirs of those who moved in the high life of that period. In most, if not all of these, reference will be found to a remarkable woman who pursued a unique career for twenty-two years in London society, where her husband was Russian Ambassador.

The name of Madame de Lieven is a constantly recurring factor in the contemporary social and political records in the years following 1812, and mostly she is referred to as an incurable *intrigueuse* who, by back-stairs methods, made and unmade cabinet ministers and was a definite force to be reckoned with in European diplomacy. The popular conception of her was of a scheming and unscrupulous type, beautiful, cold, unsympathetic, who took and discarded lovers as quickly as they gained or lost power.

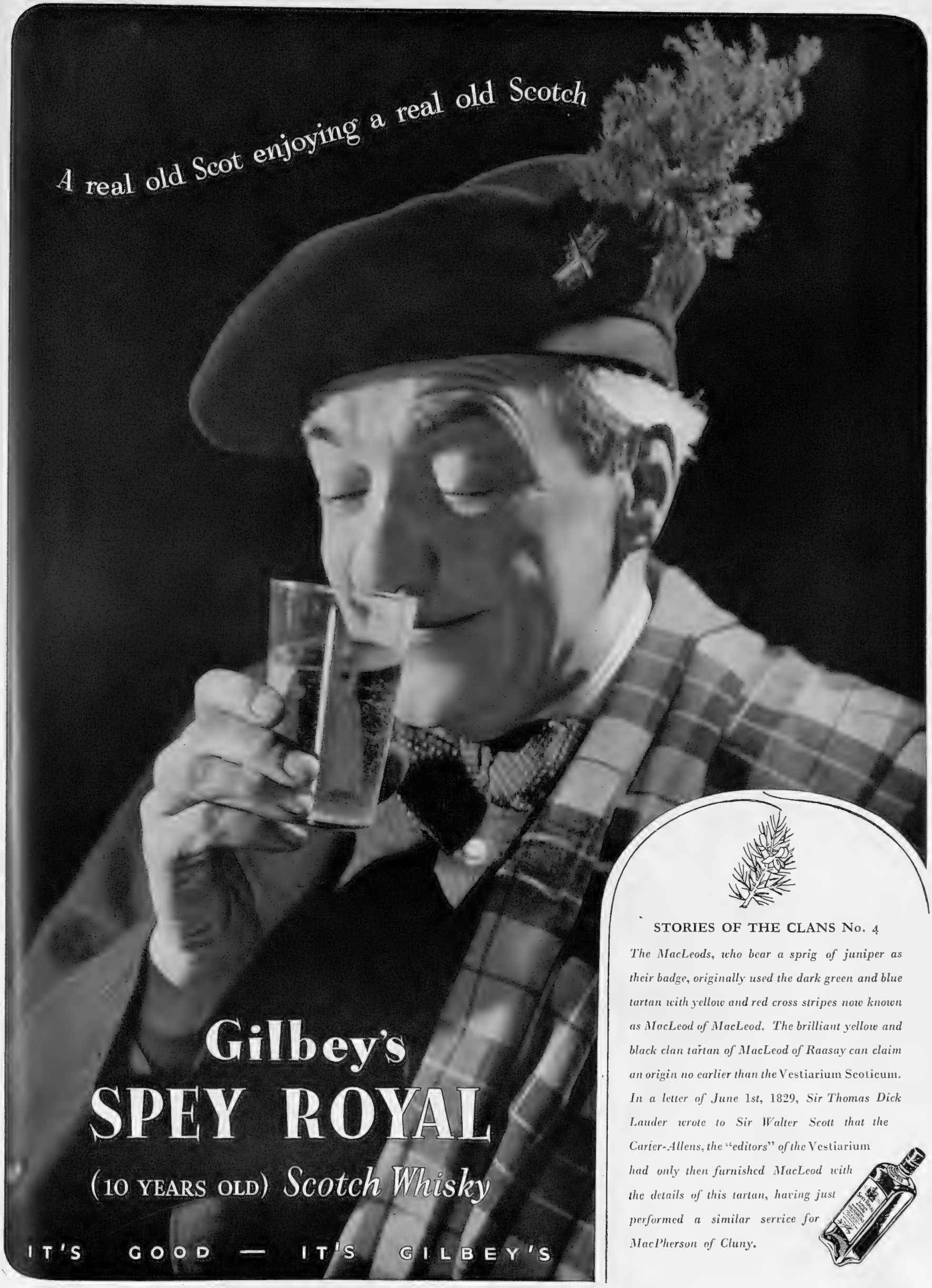
REGENCY BIOGRAPHER: Dr. H. Montgomery Hyde, whose life story of Princess Lieven, that feminine power in Hanoverian England, has just been published by Harrap

That she was fallible to human passion, if not frailty, was revealed for the first time through the publication of Metternich's love letters to her, whose mistress she was. Subsequent publication of others of her letters has since given a more human line to her portrait, and now, for the first time, a full-length biography of her has appeared in English.

In PRINCESS LIEVEN (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Montgomery Hyde presents a dispassionate biography of this very remarkable woman, aided by her own extremely revealing writings. On the face of it she had few redeeming qualities. She was an insufferable snob, could be cruel, treacherous and hardly ever anything but self-seeking. Yet many men loved her, and, what is more, trusted her. It could hardly have been by sheer self-interestedness alone that she gained the ear of great men.

On her arrival at the Court of St. James she set about her career of cultivating the right people, and thereby revealed her first weakness, for she went after titles and snubbed commoners indiscriminately before she eventually orientated the intricacies of English social life. Quite early she captivated the Prince Regent to the extent that he tried to pretend that one of her children was his own! Very quickly she became an acknowledged leader of

(*Continued on page* 668)



STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 4

The MacLeods, who bear a sprig of juniper as their badge, originally used the dark green and blue tartan with yellow and red cross stripes now known as MacLeod of MacLeod. The brilliant yellow and black clan tartan of MacLeod of Raasay can claim an origin no earlier than the Vestiarium Scoticum. *In a letter of June 1st, 1829, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder wrote to Sir Walter Scott that the Carter-Allens, the "editors" of the* Vestiarium *had only then furnished MacLeod with the details of this tartan, having just performed a similar service for MacPherson of Cluny.*

THE GREAT WHITE WAY: A section of the new Winchester by-pass which, owing to the rapid progress of its construction, will shortly be open to traffic

PLAN FOR A HOLIDAY

The Freedom of the Open Road This Summer

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THOSE of us who have not yet gone on our holidays are at any rate making plans for the annual vacation, and I think it is fairly safe to assume that anyone who has a car will use it during the weeks of leisure for touring, or at any rate reaching the predetermined destination.

We all have different ideas as to the way in which a holiday should be spent, and so perhaps what I think ideal may not appeal to everyone else. I have a perfect horror of forming one of a party or being dragooned in any way. Nothing would ever induce me to be one of a crowd to be conducted over a cathedral or shown the night life of a city, and so I find that a car is perhaps the most useful accessory one can have at hand to enable a thoroughly enjoyable holiday to be spent. I would hate to arrange a schedule of towns or districts I must visit on certain days, for that would destroy the freedom of movement which to me is the most important ingredient of a summer holiday. I realise that many arrange a programme which should ensure them spending the first night, say, at Grantham, the second at Glasgow, and the third at Inverness. Rooms are booked accordingly, and if anything should happen which might cause delay, there is bound to be an absolute scramble to get to the allotted hotel in time. To spend a holiday on a car gives one a wonderful opportunity of sampling that freedom which we all profess to admire and enjoy; having packed up the luggage and stowed it on board, then drive away and pull up just when circumstances dictate.

It may be that the day has been a tiring one and a halt is indicated in the early afternoon. On the other hand, the day may be one of those which possesses an energetic atmosphere, or the country being passed through may be interesting and so perhaps the halt is best deferred to eight or nine in the evening. Having no rooms booked, the driver and his party are perfectly free to stop where and when they like. The organising expert would promptly reply, "What happens if the hotel is full?" Well, with a car ten miles is, at the outside, only twenty minutes in time, and I have never yet found that every hotel within a ten-mile radius could not offer me the shelter of its roof when I wanted it.

Now, to me a holiday can either be made or spoilt by the passengers that form the party, and in the choice of one's companions I am afraid that a great measure of luck creeps in. Friends I know and whom I meet at the club, at a dinner or at a sports meeting may be most agreeable, but to spend a fortnight with them and never get away from their company often shows them up in quite a different light. In the choice of passengers, therefore, I am afraid I cannot offer any advice, as it is completely a question of trial and error. The unfortunate part is that, as I have said before, the enjoyment of the whole holiday depends on them.

The knowing holiday-maker has an instinct for taking away with him everything he requires, but nothing superfluous. The selection of one's impedimenta is a very important matter, because if too little is taken, the efforts in trying to make up the deficiency can cause endless worry, not only to the person involved, but to the whole party. Again, if far too much is taken, the luggage will flow over into the back seats and the passengers will then be uncomfortable. Having decided to take a holiday by car and having selected one's companions, the next important point to decide, if it has not already been done, is whether to tour at home or abroad.

Many people fight shy of crossing the water and touring on the Continent, but I would assure them that with the help of the R.A.C. or the A.A. the troubles which they imagine are there will be found to be non-existent. Foreign touring may not appeal to some because the difficulties of language appear formidable. To get over this trouble it is usually fairly easy to make certain that one of the party has at least a smattering of French or German, which usually will be useful along with English in almost any country.

For those who do not wish to go to a foreign land and who still desire to experience a greater change than even the remote parts of England can supply, I would suggest a tour in Northern Ireland or Eire. In both of these places no difficulties of language will occur, the roads are good, the inhabitants almost embarrassing in their friendliness, and, what is more, there is an abundance of enticing scenery. Even if this latter suggestion appeals, the holiday will be made far more pleasant if a visit is paid to the touring department of either the R.A.C. or the A.A., for then a lot of useful advice, as well as material assistance, will be forthcoming.

THE OLD STAGER: An ancient Daimler, used as a Shanghai taxi, which has been commandeered by the Japanese military authorities. It carries the Shanghai Municipal Council's licence plate No. 1, this being the Chinese interpretation of "first class"

On many occasions I have drawn attention to the fact that the majority of British cars, as seen on the roads of this country, are black. People from overseas often comment on this peculiarity, and are inclined to joke and say that motoring on our highways is rather like encountering one funeral after another. Although, as a nation, we are rather apt to fight shy of anything gaudy, there is a lot of sound common sense reflected in this craze for black cars.

Should a wing, a door, or any part of the car be damaged and the paintwork eventually has to be made good, it is a matter of considerable difficulty, in fact, almost an impossibility, to match light-coloured paint. Perhaps the new paint can be mixed so as to be identical in shade with the original, but as it is new it in its turn will fade, and then it will not be the same colour as that of the paint throughout. On the other hand, if the new patch is mixed so that when it fades it will match the old, it will look a patch for, say, six months. With black as the colour no such difficulty arises. My own view is that a black car is far smarter than a coloured one.

Lorries nowadays appear to me not only to carry very unusual loads, but frequently they drop part of their freight on the road. I do not know whether it is because I happen to use the Portsmouth Road every day now, but I find that there is a surprising number of ships in transit by land. On two occasions within the last fortnight I have found really large vessels being dragged up the slope to Hindhead. I have no doubt that the load distribution passes the legal requirements, but until I saw these ships being transported I had no idea that such huge vessels could be taken along our roads. They were, however, going very slowly, and did not appear to cause any greater inconvenience to other road users than does the average lorry.

I have seen quite recently, however, a lorry going round a corner and shedding half a dozen bricks, a large number of which comprised its load. Needless to say, loose bricks on the roadway are at least unpleasant and could cause a very serious accident. I do not know whether the mobile police have powers to inspect and take action in cases of dangerous loading such as this. If they have not the power, they should have.

In the first five months of this year, 29,175 people have visited the Ford works at Dagenham. This is a record attendance, and reveals the great public interest in modern car manufacturing methods. Visitors arrive at the Ford factory by road, rail, river, and air. They are received by guides, who escort them through the most interesting sections of the vast works, the site of which is over one square mile. They see the only blast-furnace in the south of England, engineering shops which cover 32 acres under one roof, a power house capable of lighting and heating every home in a town as large as Brighton, the most remarkable works hospital in England, and a host of other outstanding features.

Many motorists who have volunteered for air raid precaution training have approached the R.A.C. for advice as to the validity of private car and motor-cycle insurance policies when the policy-holder uses the insured vehicle in this connection. Confirmation has been received by the club that so far as the tariff insurance companies are concerned, it has been agreed that where social, domestic and pleasure use is allowed under the policy, use by the insured in connection with air raid precaution training may be regarded as coming in this category, and the public authority concerned may be indemnified without additional premium.

The insured must, however, give advice to his insurance company of his intention so to use the vehicle, giving also the name of the public authority so that the requisite endorsement may be added to the policy. Car drivers and motor cyclists are advised that similar cover can be obtained under the R.A.C. car and motor-cycle policy.

BEAUTY TREATMENT: To blend with the surrounding countryside, the renowned Star and Garter Hill at Richmond, Surrey, is being re-surfaced by an entirely new process, which is designed to give a pleasant effect as well as enduring and non-skid qualities. After concrete has been laid, a broken texture is given to the road by introducing pink granite into the surface, thus producing a pleasantly tinted result

RARE OLD SILVER

Simply by examining the Hall-Marks a collector would see at once that this solid silver tankard was made by John Downes in London in the year 1701-2. The tankard is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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FIGHTING BY THE FLOODWATERS OF CHINA (*Continued from page* 649)

inhabitants drowned, and silt was deposited to a depth of several feet even 50 miles away. Work was carried on feverishly during the four or five winter months when the river was low.

Many thousands of men were employed, hundreds of junks, rail trucks and ox-carts transported stone and other filling material from many miles away. Besides sand bags, stone, and earth, much of the dykes was made up by sandwiching earth between layers of 10 ft. long stalks of kao-liang (a local cereal which grows like sugar-cane as to size of stalk and height). Thousands of huge "sausages" of willow withes filled with stones and tied round were dumped into the bank facings.

When the "contraction" system was adopted, slanting dykes were built on each side to make the river converge into a narrower channel, thereby cutting a deeper bed, due to the increased velocity. The final gap of 30 to 50 ft. was filled up by "plugging." The ends of the dyke on each side of the gap were bound with hundreds of great hemp ropes, while other ropes were stretched across the top of the gap, forming what was called the "dragon's net." On this rope network was piled up a big plug of earth, kao-liang stalks, and willow branches, till it was large enough to fill the gap. At the critical moment the ropes carrying the plug were released and the plug dropped into the gap. Other ropes secured the plug in the up-and-down stream direction, and were made fast to prevent the plug being carried away.

While not having such a bad reputation as the Yellow River, the greater Yangtse River is also liable to big flooding, due to heavy water coming down from the Tibetan peaks. Particularly round the two areas of Anking (capital of Anhwei) and Hankow, what has been more or less dry ground is then turned into great lakes, as happened in the Hankow area in 1931.

The Yellow River dragon has bitten the Japanese army pretty badly in the Lunghai Railway zone, and it is not at all unlikely that the same little men will find trouble of this kind in the Yangtse zone before the summer is out.

Edwin H. Judd

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (*Continued from page* 664)

fashion and introduced the waltz into the English ballroom. Hers was the most distinguished political salon; she was the intimate of three Prime Ministers and two Foreign Secretaries as well as the mistress of Metternich, and, later in life, of statesman and historian, Guizot.

She used her love affairs as stepping-stones in her career of intrigue and lust for power behind the scenes. Only in her affairs with Metternich and, in the evening of her life, with Guizot did she display any stability. The rest she took up and discarded as often as she shifted her political loyalties, which was pretty often. Castlereagh trusted her up to the day of his suicide, but it was with Palmerston that she was to meet defeat and the ingratitude she had so often displayed to others.

In the relations of such a woman with her husband it is strange to discover a kind of steadfastness and loyalty. She bore him children which nobody could deny were his. In politics she combined a male intensity with a feminine lack of scruple, but for all that she was able to write to Metternich: "I am a woman, and very much of a woman. I want things passionately, and I believe them readily."

A GEORGIAN PIANIST PRINCE, HIS FRANCO-AMERICAN BRIDE, AND THEIR TUSCAN CASTLE

IN A MEDIEVAL SETTING: *Left*—Prince George Chavchavadze, the well-known pianist, pictured with his bride, the former Countess de Breteuil, on whose knee is one of her daughters, in the Castle of Vincigliata, near Florence. Their marriage took place on June 14. *Right*—The prince and his step-daughter in the castle courtyard

The wedding of Prince George Chavchavadze to the Countess de Breteuil took place in Florence on June 14. The service was held at L'Eglise Paroissiale di Vincigliata, close to the famous castle owned by the new Princess. Vincigliata S. Domenico is reputed to be the best preserved example of a medieval castle in Europe, and is situated on a spur of the hills a few miles out from Florence. Vincigliata, although smaller than other castles of its period, has been carefully preserved, and the modernisation of its interior has never been allowed to destroy its ancient character. It is credited with being the place where the Decameron was written, so that, if we accept this, an especial interest lies in its walled gardens. Elizabeth, Countess de Breteuil, before her marriage to the late Count, was Miss Ridgeway, of Franco-American parentage. She had two daughters by this first marriage. As well as this castle in Italy she owns a house in the rue Bellechase, Paris. Prince George Chavchavadze is the second son of Prince Alexander Chavchavadze of Tzinandali, Georgia, and Princess Marie Troubetzkoy. Prince George Chavchavadze returns to London in the autumn and will make early next year a provincial tour and give a recital at Wigmore Hall.

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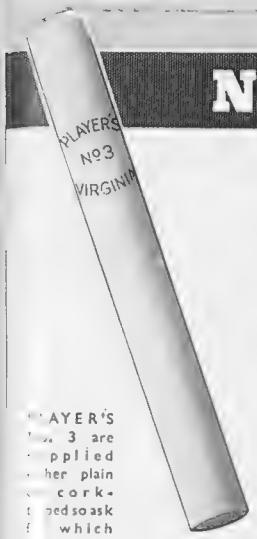

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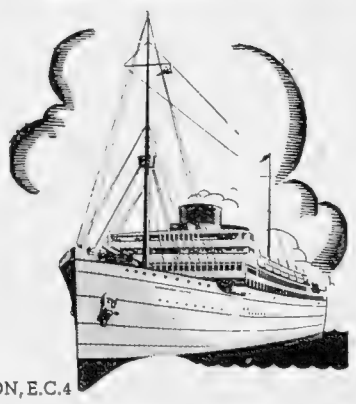

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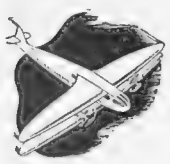

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GLORY OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS: A striking scene on the slopes of Mount Cook, the 12,000 ft. peak which the Maoris picturesquely call "Aorangi" (cloud capped). It has long been a very popular winter sports centre among New Zealanders and has all the scenic grandeur of Switzerland allied to an even greater measure of sunshine

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THE LAND *of the* MAORIS

New Zealand, A Dominion Rich in Varied Scenic Splendours

IF it were possible to remake the face of the earth and put New Zealand into the "40's" north of the equator instead of south, say 100 miles or so westward of Portugal, people would go in their tens of thousands to see the wonders of these curiously-shaped islands. The political and economic adjustments such a transfer would involve need not be considered here; the fantastic thought is really born of the regret that so few people in this country have anything more than a very vague idea of the gorgeous beauty and spell-binding majesty of much of the scenery. "Maoris?" "Oh, yes, they were the All Black team, weren't they?" one may suggest. I have known housewives with very uncertain ideas concerning the origin of Canterbury lamb, apart from a feeling that they had heard it had nothing to do with Kent. It is a country no traveller can afford to miss.

If you know New Zealanders you will probably agree with me that they do not say much about their land. They are modest folk, very much akin to us; indeed, they are good stock from the homeland and intensely loyal. That last quality makes me glow with pride, for so far away in the southern hemisphere there might well be weakening influences; on the contrary, it seems that the very distance strengthens the tie. When you come to look at it what does separate us? Just sea. A man standing on the eastern extremity of North Island and facing between N.E. and E.N.E. has nothing more solid than the narrow isthmus of Panama between him and Land's End.

That is the route of the direct ships, and if you like the sea for its own sake the weeks afloat are not monotonous. There are numerous other ways, either across the North Atlantic, through Canada or the States and down from Vancouver or San Francisco, by one of the Australian liners, and from Melbourne or Sydney across the 1,200 miles or so of the Tasman Sea, and yet another way is to the Cape and across the Indian Ocean. It is a good plan to go one way and home the other, making a round the world tour of it. Going by the direct route your first acquaintance with the country will probably be at Auckland, a busy modern city with a fine harbour and overlooked by a volcano, but that need not worry you, because it is of the extinct variety. The northern arm of the island beyond Auckland is of considerable interest with its pretty harbours and associations with the early settlers in New Zealand. At the old church at Russell, in the Bay of Islands, they will show you the scars of the days of fighting. That goes back not much more than 100 years, and it is difficult to realise that 300 years ago the land was absolutely unknown in the civilised world.

Cook was there a good deal in the latter part of the eighteenth century, but it was not until 1840 that British sovereignty was proclaimed. That ceremony took place at Kororareka, a Maori name we did not improve on with Russell. In the succeeding thirty years there were three Maori wars, the last being within living memory. In the softer days of peace the Maori character does not seem to have suffered. The bravery of their fathers won the respect of the Victorians, and the quality is preserved. The energy of these South Sea islanders, which long ago made them masters of the islands, when they, no doubt, overwhelmed an earlier people, has its outlet to-day in more peaceful directions. There are more than 50,000 Maoris in the Dominion and they are an added interest for the traveller.

Many of their picturesque names for places are retained, but not often do you see the principal islands referred to as Te Ika-a-Maui (North), Te Wai Pounamu (South or Middle) and Raki-ura (Stewart). The middle county, dominated by Mount Egmont, an 8,000 ft. peak of perfect symmetry, retains the old name Tar-Anaki. It is reached by road or rail from Auckland, and on the way are the Waitomo Caves with their extraordinary glowworm grotto, where the little creatures lower silken threads from the roof of the grotto to ensnare moths and midges flitting over the subterranean river.

In the heart of North Island is a remarkable region 150 miles long in which every imaginable form of volcanic and thermal action exists. In the centre is Rotorua, surrounded by a chain of beautiful lakes. The region includes the Wairakei Valley and the great national park, Tongariro. From the valley you should go on to Lake Taupo, which is six times the size of Loch Lomond, and just below the outlet of the lake are the Huka Falls.

Snow-capped giants raise their peaks in the national park, and among them is the active cone of Ngauruhoe, but it is not very energetic. The beautiful Wanganui river rises in the park, and it is endowed with some of the best forest and river scenery in the land. It runs into the Cook Strait between the two islands, its course, according to Maori legend, being through the great rift caused by the flight of Egmont from his fiery companions among the peaks of the national park.

In another direction from Rotorua you may travel by car through the wild Urewera country, until fairly recent times an impassable wilderness inhabited by the Maoris, to Lake Waikaremoana, meaning Sea of Rippling Waters, which is completely surrounded by high ranges, forested to the water's edge. It is some 2,000 ft. above sea level.

There is much more to see in the North Island, but we must move south, crossing Cook Strait either to Nelson in the orchard country or to Lyttelton, well down the Canterbury coast. The latter is the port for nearby Christchurch, the most English town in the Dominion, and appropriately astride an Avon. From Christchurch the way is open to the marvels of the west coast, through the tunnel which pierces the southern Alps, or from Nelson through the Buller Gorge, with glorious bush and river scenery. The great landmark of the island is the ice-clad peak, Mount Cook, well over 13,000 ft. high and the centre of a great alpine playground. Not far away are other mountains of 10,000 ft. and more. The glaciers are among the greatest sights in the Dominion, finest among them being the Franz Josef and the Fox, descending to within 600 ft. of sea-level, with their lower reaches framed in primeval forest. The Tasman glacier is over 18 miles in length. Then there are the lakes, Te Anau, Wanaka, Wakatipu, and Manapouri.

Nature's greatest masterpiece is what is known as the Fiord-land, a name which indicates its character. It extends some 200 miles to the southern extremity of the west coast. Into the solid granite, part of the earth's oldest crust, mighty forces have driven a series of sounds of entrancing feature. There are mountains, lakes, forest, raging torrents, waterfalls thundering and spraying from dizzy heights and softly carpeted valleys of peace. Dunedin is the gateway to this wonderland, of which one of the best impressions may be had by walking the track to Milford Sound, though a motor way will open up other aspects through the Eglinton, Hollyford and Cheddar valleys.

Across Foveaux Strait at the southern extremity of the island is Rakiura (Land of Glowing Sky), now known as Stewart Island. It is practically covered with luxuriant forest and is a sanctuary for native birds. The little settlement where you may well stay for a time is Oban.

It has been possible to deal only with the principal islands forming part of the Dominion proper, but the geographical boundaries take in the Chatham Islands, well away to the eastward, where several hundred people live and rear enormous flocks, and several groups of uninhabited islands, among them those with the picturesque name of The Three Kings, lying off the northern extremity of North Island. Other groups have been annexed, including Sunday Island, whose population of two had a line all to themselves in the most recent census figures, and much more important groups lying well up in equatorial regions. Then there are the mandated territories, Western Samoa among them, where life is pictured as sunny bliss, the part of the world from which no traveller wants to return!

Beverley Brooke

IT MIGHT BE SCOTLAND: Cattle grazing near the shores of Lake Wakatipu, South Island, which is fed by the waters of the melting glaciers of the Southern Alps

A THERMAL WONDERLAND: The hot springs of Rotorua are one of the major sights of New Zealand's North Island. The town, with its many good hotels, is quite easily reached by rail from both Auckland and Wellington

"GOD GIRT HER ABOUT WITH THE SURGES": Summer scenes on the North Island coasts. *Left*—A surf club meeting near Wellington. *Right*—Fishing from a cabin cruiser off North Auckland, a veritable angler's paradise. Zane Grey, the noted novelist, is particularly fond of New Zealand waters and regards them as the ideal "big game" fishing ground

The Holiday Different!

★ Enjoy an island holiday this year—only a quarter of a mile from the mainland.
★ 12 hours a day surrounded by water, yet never isolated.
★ All the advantages of a Cruise without its disadvantages.
★ A first-class hotel for your Island Home; with 18-hole golf course, tennis, gymnasium, all inclusive with the terms (which are reasonable).

Write for brochure to the Manager

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N.B. A new wing has been added with Dance Lounge, also a new garage for 50 cars.

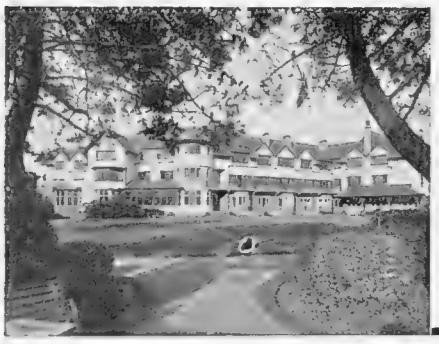
Luxury in miniature

in a lovely country house hotel with sheltered wall garden (3 acres) in the centre of Brighton. The menus—lavish, varied and English. The beds—somniferous . . . Terms—inclusive from 4½ to 5½ gns.

Sixty Six Hotel

MONTPELIER ROAD, BRIGHTON. *Tel. : Hove 1637*

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL



An hotel of quality and charm for a summer of content. A bedroom or suite with a peaceful view and every luxury (and a private bathroom if you wish). The quiet dignity of the lounges, the cuisine and the cellar . . . all bespeak quality. Parkstone Golf Course is adjacent: five others close by. The entertainments of Bournemouth comfortably within reach, but out of hearing. Canford Cliffs is the resort for summer. Lift. Garage for 40 cars.

Write to S. Whiston, Manager. Tel. : Bournemouth 797/8

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Health and Beauty on the Crest of Crowborough Beacon . . . come now to

Crest Hotel, Crowborough

Tel.: 394 Sussex

Bed, Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner and Central Heating from 4 gns. weekly.
Personal Proprietor Mr. G. Eglington Adams.

GOLF : ALL-WEATHER TENNIS : RIDING : WALKING

The fascinating Fal . . .

her waterways, the harbour and the open sea; here are a hundred delightful surprises for the sailing explorer. Bathing. Fishing. Motoring through Cornwall's rugged glories. And staying this year at

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

A.A Own private pier. R.A.C.

Crafts of all kinds for hire. A first-class hotel in every respect. Write to S. Baker for details.
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Facing Sea and adjacent to the Lovely Cliffs and Spa Gardens
English Catering of high standard and repute
H. & C. RUNNING WATER IN BEDROOMS

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For air that braces, sun that tans, cooking that pleases and cocktails that cheer. For nights of bliss and days of fullness, spend your holidays, short or long, at

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AN IDEAL CENTRE NEAR LONDON.

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A COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARM IN DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, NEAR RIVER THAMES AND WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF LONDON.
EVERY MODERN COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. LOCK-UP GARAGES.
Write to the Resident Proprietors for Tariff and Illustrated Brochure.

R.A.C. Appointed. TELEPHONE 3192

In Quest of

Where to Stay in the New Lyndhurst—The Balmer Lawn

THE most attractive approach to the New Forest from the east is by the Southampton-Lyndhurst road, for soon after leaving Totton the forest commences to unfold itself, and no matter what time of the year you may enter you will find it dressed or suitably undressed for the occasion.

A wide, straight road brings you into Lyndhurst. For the newcomer the road is too straight, for before he knows, he will, unless he slackens speed, pass a port of call well worth visiting—The Grand Hotel, Lyndhurst, on the left of the entrance to this attractive New Forest town.

The Grand is a very different Grand to what it used to be, for under the enterprising direction of Captain C. L. Balls, who is also actively interested in The Grosvenor, Swanage, The Sandbanks Hotel, Poole Harbour, and The Burlington at Boscombe, much has been done to bring The Grand in tune with modern needs and make it a worthy halting place for the motorist. As you enter, there greets you in place of a blank wall a vista of five and a half acres of the hotel grounds, where will be found many rare shrubs and trees, many of which can only be found elsewhere at Kew Gardens.

On the left of the entrance hall are the cocktail lounge, writing room, and games room. On the right, the main lounge, dining-room, and ballroom. In the dining-room is a silver grill, so that the motorist can at any time be certain of a meal.

But the Grand, to my mind, would make a good resting place for those who are on the look out for just a restful holiday with facilities for exercise at the doorstep when need be. Golf? An 18-hole course at the front gates. Riding? An excellent school is across the road. (I happened to overhear that the proprietor is particularly good with children.)

Upstairs the bedrooms are modern and attractive. There are a number with private bathrooms and balcony, while all have either central heating or electric fires. Finally, when I was there last week I was impressed with

Entertainment . . .

London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

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'Phone: Sanderstead 2001

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, swimming, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. Moderate inclusive terms.

SELSDON COURT HOTEL, in same park, at first tee of Golf Course. Inclusive summer terms from 4½ gns. per week.

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel

EXETER

—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

BATT'S HOTEL

Central position. — Homely. — First Class
Cuisine and Cellars. — Telephone in every bedroom.

Telephone: Regent 1622 DOVER ST., LONDON, W.1

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Forest: The Grand at Brockenhurst—Carey's Manor

the manager, who struck me as being very much "on his toes."

Whichever route you take from Lyndhurst, you never tire of the beauty of the forest. But as most motorists will be travelling on the direct route across the forest, I suggest you turn first left on entering Lyndhurst and take the road to Brockenhurst, a 3½-mile stretch of loveliness. Just before entering Brockenhurst, the Balmer Lawn Hotel, one of the Honywood group, comes into view, but as I have written of this hotel, I need only say that I never pass it without regretting the fact that I cannot stop for a few days' relaxation . . . and a round or two of golf.

For those who want to know of something smaller, a country house hotel quite unpretentious, but with a distinct character of its own, I can recommend them to Carey's Manor Hotel, which was taken over some six months ago by Mr. J. P. Corkill. A pleasant home of some sixteen bedrooms, it has a particular appeal for people on leave from overseas—and no wonder! The bedrooms are large enough to accommodate all one's accumulated kit, there is a lovely garden with clipped yew hedges, and one is in the heart of the New Forest, with London only 2½ hours away.

Finally, though I only paid Carey's Manor Hotel a fleeting visit, I am convinced that one would be individually looked after by Mr. Corkill. For what more personal touch could there be than two cigarettes and a box of matches placed by the side of every bed, just in case one came up to bed smokeless and matchless. A small thing, no doubt, but it is small things that count in successful hotel management.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

Comfort and Calm

No music, no dancing — not even a cocktail bar; but in their place you will find at all times an atmosphere of comfort and calm. The Granby has been called "the headquarters of the finest English cooking", and nothing tinned or twice cooked is ever served. There are 200 rooms, many with private bath, and a choice of self-contained suites.

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HARROGATE

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KESWICK (CUMB.)
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THE ENGLISH LAKES

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DERWENTWATER
amidst mountain scenery and valley richness.

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We live in a land of beauty, famous dales, 'fish-full' rivers, and towering peaks, surrounded by thousands of acres protected by the National Trust. Here is the "See" Holiday Centre perfect. Free golf, tennis, dancing, croquet, bowls. Here are all the incidental pleasures of living, where the daily average of visitors all the year is well over 200. Holiday this year at

SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. *Telephone: Matlock 17.*

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A five-star hotel and more in the finest position, the Grand is to-day easily the leading hotel in Torquay.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On the waters edge and on the level, the majority of rooms face South and the sea. Terms include golf, tennis, squash and nightly dancing to Harry Evans and his band, cuisine and service are unrivalled by any hotel on our coast. Write R. Paul, Manager, for illustrated brochure; tel: 2234

The Grand, Torquay

Have You Ever?

. . GONE for a voyage on dry land? For that is the impression at the Headland —with the Atlantic on three sides and the sun streaming down from above.

. . GOLFED in the morning on the course at the door, bathed and surfed before lunch, toured a sector of Cornwall in the afternoon, aperitifed, dined, and danced to Shirley Waldron's Band till . . . till—and NEVER felt tired?

It is all possible and only possible at

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*

PEACE

No Passports. No Visas. No Channel Crossing. A quick train journey or a pleasant run by car and then . . . peace.

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Nothing to worry about. All the comforts of a well-appointed hotel at your disposal, and around all the beauty spots of glorious Devon. Tennis? Bathing? Room with private bath? Picnics?

Our booklet will tell you all. Write to-day for a copy.

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Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

And this summer . . . Grove Hall

A luxurious hotel run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. **A private bathroom to every bedroom** . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Terms: **4½** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone Twyford 106.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

French windows thrown open . . .
sun pouring in, blue skies and sea. Colourful days of perfection await you in June or July especially, at

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Tel. Looe 23. LOOE CORNWALL

A small luxury hotel at the edge of the sea, famous for its cuisine, and under the same personal direction as the Dorset Square Hotel, Baker Street, London, W. 1, Tel. Pad. 4452, whose fame for fresh Cornish produce and peacefulness away from the world of traffic has spread over two hemispheres. Write for booklet.

A peaceful summer residence . . .

IN a sunny sheltered park of 60 acres with a sporting golf course; lawns, woodland and water now at their loveliest. A variety of sports . . . or just resting. 85 bedrooms and suites with every comfort. Modern equipment, courteous service and generous hospitality. Write to S. Hancock, Director, for a copy of "Here is peace," a description of

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ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

400 feet above sea level. *Telephone: 1911*

If it's pleasure . . . .

you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.

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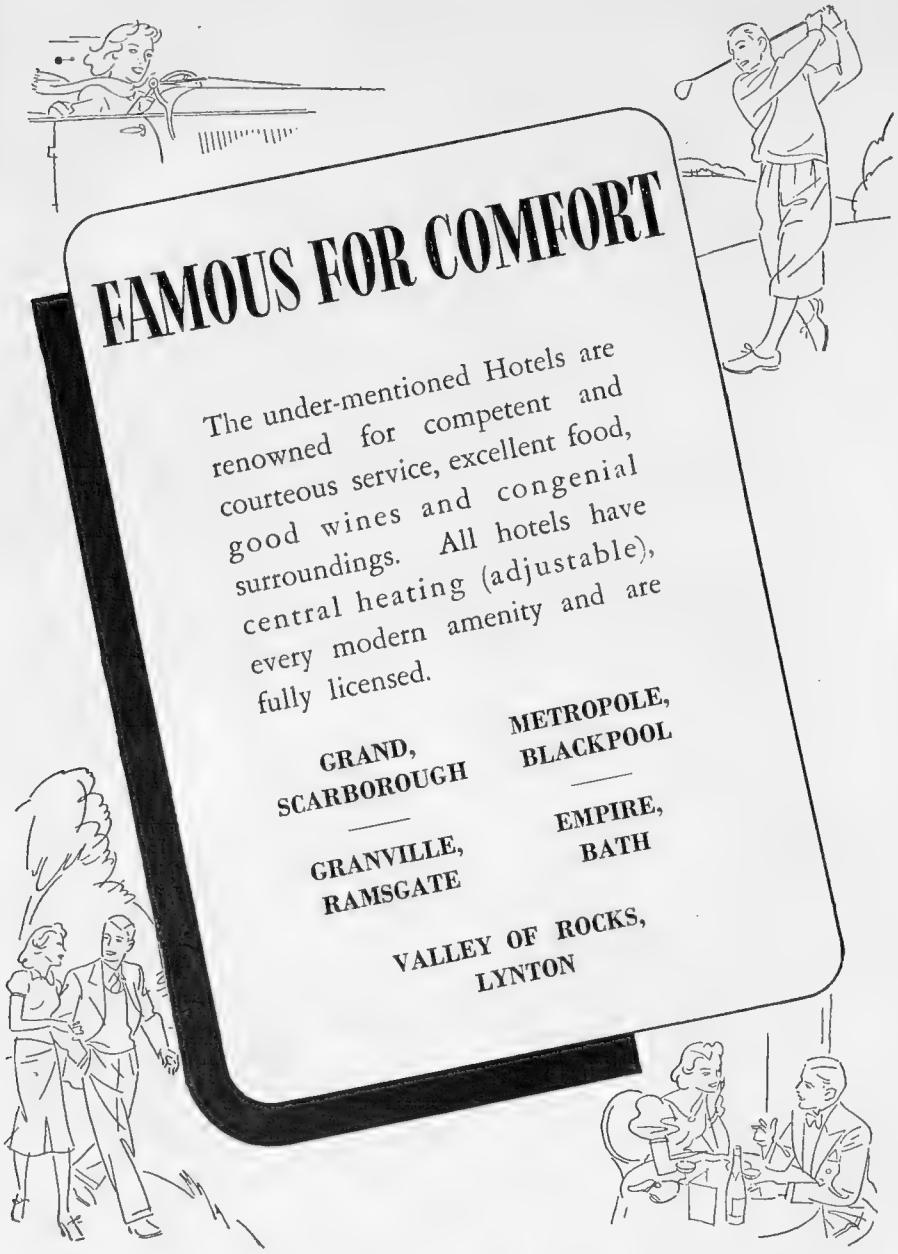
For quiet seaside luxury, come to

SHORE HOTEL

Near Chichester **EAST WITTERING** Sussex

No piers, no pierrots, no promenade. Magnificent air. A wonderful sunshine record. Safe bathing direct from the hotel. Fine wine, good food, "Slumberland" nights. Terms from 5 to 7 gns. according to room and month. Telephone: West Wittering 345. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licensed.



FAMOUS FOR COMFORT

The under-mentioned Hotels are renowned for competent and courteous service, excellent food, good wines and congenial surroundings. All hotels have central heating (adjustable), every modern amenity and are fully licensed.

GRAND, SCARBOROUGH — **METROPOLE, BLACKPOOL**

GRANVILLE, RAMSGATE — **EMPIRE, BATH**

VALLEY OF ROCKS, LYNTON

HOLIDAY LIST

Place the following items in order of preference by putting 1, 2, 3, etc., in the space provided:

SITUATION		CUISINE	
DANCING		Ggolf	
TENNIS		SQUASH	
CLIMATE		SCENERY	
BADMINTON		SWIMMING	
GYMNASIUM		SKITTLES	
COMFORT		SERVICE	
CABARETS		TALKIES	
BOWLS		CROQUET	

Personally, *our* first three would be Cuisine, Comfort and Service; but if we were you, we wouldn't bother filling it in at all, because the terms at the Palace include everything, and as we are booking up pretty rapidly for July, August and September you will spend your time much better by writing for our brochure instead.

The finest hotel on the English Coast

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

Everything is described and photographed in the beautiful Palace Brochure. Please write for a copy.

Phone: TORQUAY 2271

In Quest of

Worthwhile Stopping Places in Remember the Creagdhu—Braemar

FOR the traveller in Scotland who finds himself in the neighbourhood of Ballachulish, I have at least one very confident recommendation—the Creagdhu Hotel at Onich, about a mile north of the Ballachulish Ferry. If you should approach Ballachulish towards the end of the day, you will indeed feel tempted to spend at least one night in such a wonderful neighbourhood, and when you wisely turn your car into the gates of the Creagdhu Hotel, that temptation will become a certainty, and—if you can spare the time for it—for more than one night.

Here is a place which I believe will really surprise you. A completely up-to-date and modern hotel run by two young ladies with that efficiency which all over England is characterising young people in the hotel business; it provides a most welcome touch of genuine country house comfort in a very wild district.

It is said about many hotels—and I have perhaps used the phrase loosely myself on occasions—that their standard of comfort is a country house standard. Of the Creagdhu Hotel this may be said with absolute truth, and, moreover, the country house, in this case, is an exceptionally comfortable one. Everything is spotlessly clean, that goes without saying. The house is hung with pictures and etchings which combine perfectly with its furnishing and decorations and add a touch of genuine artistic grace to pleasing surroundings.

Upstairs you will find the most up to date of equipment and the most delightful atmosphere. Such things as built-in cupboards, full-length mirrors, baths which are almost ultra-modern in their luxuriousness, and bright bowls of flowers in every corner make you feel that the very inanimate objects of furniture are conspiring together to give you the most genuine of welcomes.

Let me not be thought to suggest that the Creagdhu Hotel is so modern as to be out of place in its situation. On the contrary. Its claim to country house standards of comfort and good living assure its complete harmony with the country round it.

The food is exceptionally good and exactly what you might expect to receive in your own home . . . provided you

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

RIPON SPA HOTEL LONDON 213 MILE

3 MILES FROM THE GREAT NORTH ROAD
CLOSE TO RIPON CATHEDRAL & FOUNTAINS ABBEY

A convenient centre for Yorkshire Dales. Luxuriously appointed and standing in grounds of 20 acres. Private Suites. Cocktail Lounge. Sun Lounge. Visited in 1937 by over 8,000 motorists. Telephone: Ripon 48

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Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the
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offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropoli. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Gol. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully License.
LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

OBAN
GREAT WESTERN HOTEL
R.S.A.C. A.A.**** R.A.C.
EVERYTHING THE MODERN TRAVELLER DEMANDS. GARAGE.
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NORTH BERWICK
MARINE HOTEL
ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE
Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Glasgow by road or rail. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage in grounds.
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CALLANDER
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Every comfort and facility for rest or enjoyment after a strenuous day at The Empire Exhibition, which is within an hour's run. It stands in 48 acres of private grounds. Golf, tennis, fishing, and motoring. Delightful walks and drives in a glorious countryside famous in Scots song and story. Cuisine par excellence. Service superb.
'Phone: 45 Callender. Brochure on request from the Manager.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. 50 miles from Empire Exhibition. Tariff free.

PEEBLES HYDRO

Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Scotland—When near Ballachulish and the Invercauld Arms

have a very nice home. All congratulations to the Misses Fernside for the ingenuity and skill which they show in the running of this unusual place.

Incidentally, I ought not to write about Ballachulish without making at least one remark of a geographical nature. It is comparatively easy for the tourist, who is perhaps hard-pressed for time, to miss this little piece of country between Fort William and Oban. To do so is a great mistake, for here, in the neighbourhood of Ben Nevis, Glen Etive, Glencoe, and Loch Linnhe, you will find some of Scotland's most imposing and most variegated scenery.

So when you take your inevitable tour along the road beside Loch Ness, be sure that you stop short neither at Fort Augustus nor Fort William, but, lingering as and where you will, travel on round the coast past Portnacroish and the Isle of Lismore (made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*) to Oban; and I, for my part, will promise that you will not regret the extra time you have spent.

And now let us jump across the breadth of Scotland to very different, but not less glorious, country on the east side—Braemar, and the Invercauld Arms. Personally, I consider—and many lovers of Scottish countryside will agree with me—that the only legitimate way to approach Braemar is on foot from Aviemore, through the Forest of Rothiemurchus, over the Lairig Ghru, and past Loch Avon. However, since this walk may take anything between twelve hours and a week according to your energy and the weather, I will assume that you are arriving at Braemar by car.

You will receive the same genuine Scottish welcome from Mr. J. Gregor at the Invercauld Arms whether you arrive in your shining Rolls-Royce along the road or foot-sore and weary from the hills. And once you are a guest at this delightful hotel, you will instinctively fall in with its own standards of living and comfort and good manners, which are of the highest.

Perhaps the key-note of the Invercauld Arms is "service." Although it is not a large hotel, its standards are unobtrusively and exactly of the highest.

HISTORIC HOLIDAY CENTRE . . .

Telephone: Aberfeldy 9.

The ancient stones of Taymouth Castle are a symbol both of feudal times, and of modern hotel service. For the castle is beautifully furnished and equipped—even to a modern dance floor. In its 500 acres you can fish, play tennis, badminton, or golf (private course designed by Braid). And outside lie the glories of Grampians and Tay. Come for a week—or a week-end.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE HOTEL

ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

LOCKERBIE HOUSE HOTEL

(25 miles North of Carlisle)

IS YOUR FIRST STOPPING PLACE IN SCOTLAND.

Phone: Lockerbie 150. TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

THE STATION HOTEL, OBAN

Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating. Lift. Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.

Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

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Further Particulars apply Manageress.

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Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

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Edinburgh's most modern hotel is

NOW OPEN

The New Carlton is the first Edinburgh hotel to have private bathroom, telephone and central heating with each of its hundred rooms. The charges are extremely reasonable, ranging from 12/6 to 15/6, including breakfast. The food is excellent. Here is a fully licensed luxury hotel in every sense of the word, having Restaurant, Silver Grill, Lounges and Ballroom. And as for convenience . . . it faces Princes Street; is adjacent to Waverley Station (L.N.E.R.) and has a garage adjoining.

NEW CARLTON HOTEL

Telephone: Edinburgh 32871 (4 lines). NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH *Telegrams: "Bestotel, Edinburgh."*

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In the heart of the glorious Highlands with the comforts and enterprise of a modern palatial Hotel. Golf, Tennis, Swimming (indoor and out), Dancing, etc. Programme, "Highland Occasions," and Tariff free.

PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

BRAEMAR (By Balmoral).

Over 1,100 feet above sea level.

For a restful and magnificent Holiday. Situated amongst Scotland's finest Scenery.

THE INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

Leading and Best.

Patronised by the Royal Family and the Court. 18-hole Golf Course. Tennis. Motor Garage.

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PERTH—STATION HOTEL

(Adjoins Station)

100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating Throughout

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In own beautiful grounds amidst finest scenery in Perthshire Highlands. Ideal for Restful Holiday.

Central heating throughout. Large Public-Rooms. Garage. 18-Hole Golf Course 10 minutes walk. Terms on application. *Telephone No. 12—Address Manageress.*

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT

CREAGDHU HOTEL

ONICH

NORTH BALLACHULISH

THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.

FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY

On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Bathing and Fishing for those who desire it. FULLY LICENSED.

Tel.: ONICH 38
Visitors 37

THE CROOK INN

Established over 300 years.

Among the hills of the Borderlands; 48 miles from Empire Exhibition. Famous Willie Wastle's Cocktail Bar; Trout fishing on Tweed and Talla. Tariff free.

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First-Class Family and Residential Hotel

Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Garage for 40 Cars.

Telephone: 39. *Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."*

A.A., R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. Appointments. S. W. Keeble, Manager.

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Midst the heather hills of the Sma Glen. Here is—wonderful scenery, peacefulness, and a cuisine above the average. Fishing attached to the hotel. And there are fish! A perfect centre for the walker and the motorist.

Proprietor: Thomas Matheson. Telephone: Amulree 5.

The Gateway to Good Golf . . .

LUNDIN LINKS HOTEL

FIFE

Lundin Links are at our door and some of the world's finest courses, including St. Andrews, are our near neighbours. For full details of this first-class sporting hotel write to A. Muriset, Proprietor, or telephone Lundin Links 7.

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LOCHEARNHEAD

Situated in a beautiful position on the edge of the Loch. All modern conveniences. Hot and Cold Water throughout. Boating. Free Fishing on Loch Earn. Hill Climbing.

For Brochure write to the Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Shaibe, or 'phone Lochearnhead 3.

THE HANDCLASP ON THE BRENNER

(Continued from page 644)

Italy's long-standing dreams of expansion in South America, which would have been planned to circumvent the Monroe Doctrine, as you can circumvent most things nowadays.

Many Italians have absorbed Hitler's *Bodenpolitik*, and more are doing so, and in the van of their pre-occupations is the possibility of their country becoming an instrument, not a partner, of him who was recently accorded a Roman triumph.

These Italians realise only too painfully that for an indefinite period Italy can only bring *needs* to a partnership, and the needful are apt to get it in the neck in this world.

Yet it does not matter what these Italians think, criticise, or fear. There is no public opinion in Italy. Squashed. Whatever the mass foreboding, whatever its pronounced distaste for the war on fellow-Latins in Spain, however advanced its possible listlessness in regard to "living like lions," the multitude is squashed. (I quoted, in a first article, how this is admitted by the Oligarchy, as being the only way.) We should bear this in mind, because a pleasant little notion usually put to me, on my returns to England, is that of the Italian People Rising in Revolt against Mussolini.

They will do no such thing, partly because they haven't an earthly, but also because they would not choose to do so. Mussolini has made the Italians poorer and dimmed their lives, snatching much merriment from those who were Europe's lightest-of-heart. He has saddened many a home and threatens to sadden ten thousand times as many again. For quantities of Italians he has done even more than this. He has humiliated the Pope and is to-day in little less than unavowed conflict with the Catholic Church, less cruel, less open than Hitler's method, yet in resembling category. Italian youth is being relentlessly taken from the Pope; it would follow the Duce to-morrow instead of the Pope, even against the latter.

But it all does not matter. Mussolini may have reached his zenith on May 9, 1936 (or he may not), but he is the expression absolute of Italian unity and so will remain until death. There is a sort of "Father of his People" sentiment spreading as he grows older, as he visibly slows up under nature's working.

This man loves his Italians, and Italians know it. He has given them pride in themselves as a race. He has done much good, socially, and is no self-seeker. And Rome lives again in history. Depend upon it: "There will be no change domestically as long as the Duce is on his hind legs." That is how it was quaintly put in a sound enough quarter.

CONTINUATIONS

I referred to Mussolini "slowing up." This is worth a few further words. Outwardly, the change is evident from the less vibrant voice, the sagging of that chin unless ever consciously shoved out, the hairlessness of dome, the lessening of a come-hitherness, in personal contact, that had become world-famous: more withdrawn these days. Yet that is not the chief thing in this slowing-up process that has set in. "The cat no longer walks alone." He who must go on and on after prestige, nightmare of the dictator, who dare not relax in his pursuit of Caesarian exploits, this offspring of the smithy, in the middle fifties is ceasing to walk alone, he who had been as exclusive as the tip of the Matterhorn.

The fact has already been deeply pregnant of international consequences, in that the pushing of the pro-German policy is largely traceable to the Ciano family, which constitutes, I need hardly say, the quarter to which Mussolini now sometimes turns. The launching of this Axis business really dates from the visit to Berlin, over a year ago, of the Duce's favourite and clever daughter, Countess Edda Ciano, when the guest was fêted and fêted. Countess Edda had previously absorbed her pro-Germanism from her father-in-law, old and urbane Count Costanzo Ciano. She has gone platinum blonde and has developed a habit of shoving out her chin, like father, whom she facially resembles.

In sum: The Ciano family has come to stay.

I mentioned earlier that not all Italians felt sore or had the wind up at thought of Hitler on the Brenner.

None of the qualms, criticisms or resentments enumerated above are mentioned, or even felt, by the youth of the nation, by which one would hazard those under thirty. Here there endures only an infinite trust in, and adoration for, the Leader.

Some of the ageing and middle-ageing of the Fascist Party, a section which is of course swelling—to hear portly old gentlemen bawling "Giovinezza" (the national Fascist hymn to Youth) dominates the boomerang side of boosting youth—some of this element is doubtless beginning to sympathise with the resigned boredom or melancholy of much of the civil population. Such ones doubtless desire to savour something else in life, besides circuses and hysteria, before it is too late. Besides, their loins are no longer up to lion-living. Well, they are simply being combed out, their soft defection not mattering one jot when the Duce has a dozen youngsters to fill each of their places, enraptured substitutes who never knew but one colour for a shirt. On such as these does Mussolini rely for the realisation of his ends. And, very specially, indeed paramountly, does he rely upon the Air Force, "that most Fascist of the forces." You might not be far out in saying, "the Air Force is all."

The best chance—and it may be only a chance—of keeping it from you is to refuse, now and for ever until a change comes over the world, all foreign loans or credits on whatsoever ground, to such as hold the menace of bombers high above the rest of the human race.

Foreign credits are the crux. Totalitarians can carry on indefinitely, domestically, on the new autarchic principle of national self-deprivation. But they can scarcely aspire to wage successful large-scale war, unless by lightning stroke, without their first having piled up vast quantities of raw materials, most of which can only, as it happens, be acquired from those they would (it is thought) strike down. They have already managed to pile up a perilous reserve, to which they are adding daily with the help of those they would (it is thought) strike down. To grant foreign credits, in addition, would be to accelerate events, perhaps fatally so, for the lenders.

MOUTHS TO FEED

(Continued from page 664)

They are plump balls of chocolate-brown, with naught but a suggestion of a tail as yet; and it would appear as though they would have far to go before attaining to the fullness of their growth. But in birdland events move with astounding rapidity, and, even in the course of a single day, a distinct increase in the size of a fledgling may be noticed. Nature, in her far-seeing wisdom, understands the every requirement of her winged children, and in those cases where she deems it needful to safeguard them in such a fashion, the young of certain species attain to their powers in an incredibly short space.

Upon a strip of smooth turf close by yet one more bevy of the younger generation are in play—for here a party of water wagtails are enjoying themselves to the height of their bent. The parents are running along the ground in a mincing fashion, just for a short distance; and then—surprisingly—they rise up in the air. Next, having secured some insect or other, in a flash they are back once more, engaged in tripping here and tripping there about the open ground. And as they do these things their young ones do likewise; two daughters and two sons—all well grown by now, for they have already been out in the world for quite a time, and accordingly they are much advanced in their ways. So they continue in their play, while their tails jerk up and down. And thus they create a pleasant picture as they flicker along, forming a pattern of black and grey and white across the green velvet of the close-cropped turf.

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Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Lodore Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

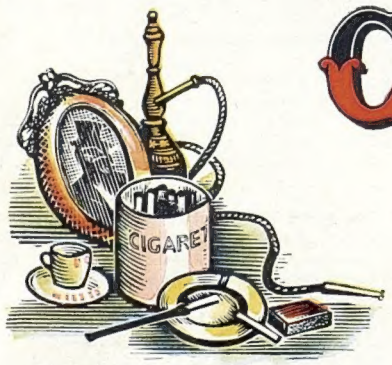
Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

Who first made it a family affair?

LE DEJEUNER

BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). IN THE STÄDELSCHES KUNSTINSTITUT, FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN

Who first brought smoking out of the den, or the sanctuary of the smoking-room, and put ash trays in the drawing-room, a cigarette box on the dining-room table? May we not fairly suspect some less eminent Victorian? For that was the time when smoking became a family affair. In that most Victorian, most family, of books, Alice in Wonderland, even the caterpillar smoked. In France, too, the French began to call the dinner jacket "le smoking." Whoever it was who first passed round the dinner table those little harbingers of pleasure—cigarettes—brought a new comfort and joy, new opportunities for hospitality into the family circle . . . . .



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invention of the pneumatic tyre in 1888 Significant, too, that Eyston's distinction

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